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HISTORY

New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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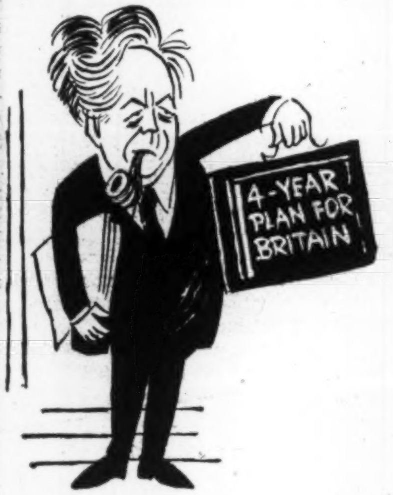

Rt Hon HAROLD WILSON MP presents a FOUR-YEAR PLAN FOR BRITAIN

★

K. S. KAROL
Peace in Algeria?

★

CHRISTIANSEN
The New 'Herald'

★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
Harry Truman

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
A Forgotten Poet

★

FRANCIS NEWTON
Any Chick Can Do It

Exorcising the Ghost of Dulles

President Kennedy is now engaged in his first trial of strength – or, more precisely, of intention – with the Soviet bloc. After a brief and precarious honeymoon, Mr Gromyko has returned to the Cold War vernacular at the UN. In Geneva, the new western proposals, which embody substantial if unsurprising concessions, have had a very negative reception. Most serious of all, in Laos Mr Kennedy faces a physical crisis of the first magnitude.

In the short term, Laos is the most embarrassing of the legacies he received from Mr Eisenhower. Since the 1954 Geneva agreement, US policy there had rested on the fundamental assumption that a pro-western government could be maintained by force. To this end, more than £100 million and hundreds of technical and military advisers were poured into the country. Successive attempts by the British government, with the tacit support of Moscow, to promote a political solution, based on an all-party 'neutral' government, were vetoed in Washington. Last Autumn, urged by its own representatives in Laos, the State Department moved closer to the British view. But the US military mission clung to the Dulles policy and, to the last days of the Eisenhower regime, its advice prevailed in Washington.

Mr Kennedy has now changed US policy. Last week he stated explicitly that the US wants to see 'a genuinely independent and neutral Laos'. The attempt to impose the corrupt and unpopular Boun Oum government on the whole country has thus been abandoned. Unfortunately, this wise and overdue step may have come too late. The choice is no longer between a western or a neutral Laos. It is between neutrality and Pathet Lao domination.

What has happened in the last fortnight is that the military illusions on which the Eisenhower policy rested have been finally shattered. The Royal Army, never very enthusiastic in the western cause, is disintegrating. The Pathet Lao surround the royal capital, are nearing Vientiane, and are only 40 miles from the Siamese border. They apparently possess some heavy Soviet equipment, including artillery and tanks. The balance of power has switched, perhaps decisively, and the US now faces the possibility of another Dien Bien Phu.

As in 1954, the choice is stark. Mr Kennedy must get negotiations going quickly or order outright intervention. The third choice – quiescence – is not really open to him, unless he is prepared to dismantle the Seato umbrella over South-East Asia; for a Communist Laos would immediately threaten vulnerable Siam. Unfortunately, direct US intervention, as the Russians are well aware, would pose all kinds of military and political difficulties for Mr Kennedy. He would regard it as disastrous to embroil the US in a 'shooting war' within two months of his inauguration. He knows it would receive scant support from his Seato allies and might well wreck the alliance. Furthermore, there are grave doubts, as in 1954, whether it could be waged effectively.

For all these reasons, the Russians now show little enthusiasm for negotiations which, as late as last Autumn, they would have accepted with alacrity. With events moving in their favour, they are in a position to raise their terms. They may well consider this a good moment to demand a wider settlement in South-East Asia, and to force the US into direct negotiations with China.

This may seem a high price to US opinion, but, looking at it realistically, Mr Kennedy may well find it on balance acceptable. US contact with China is now inherent over a wide range of Administration policies. China's admission to the UN is admitted to be 'inevitable'. Chinese participation in a test-ban agreement is considered essential. And in any negotiations over Laos, a formal Chinese endorsement of the outcome would be a positive advantage to the West. In any case, the only alternative is a straightforward essay in brinkmanship. Is Mr Kennedy seriously prepared to take this risk to maintain a crumbling national shibboleth?

Comments on the Week's News

Defence

Any Old Iron

Suggestions in certain sections of the press that Mr Watkinson, the Defence Minister, has gone to Washington in order to persuade the US not to impede sales of British military equipment to Nato are very wide of the mark. The allegation that several British weapons, though superior in their field, have been rejected by West Germany following US pressure is untrue. Nor is it true that easier US credit terms have been the decisive factor in securing West German contracts at the expense of Britain. All the available evidence shows that British weapons have been rejected on their merits. And the reason why they have fallen short of requirements goes right to the heart of recent government defence failures.

Since the accession of Mr Macmillan as Premier, the maintenance of a financial ceiling has been the determining factor in shaping British defence policy. This means that policy has been planned not on our military needs but on the funds the Treasury has been willing to provide. To impose such a ceiling was no doubt necessary; but the decision should have been followed by a reappraisal of our military role, and a reduction of our commitments. Neither of these was done. In order to conceal this fundamental conflict of aims and means, the Defence Ministry has been forced to manufacture an ever more elaborate mythology about British weapons systems.

Take the case of the TSR2, the Mach 2 bomber. This took shape in 1955 as a project to replace the subsonic V-bomber force. It is a first-rate design; and had the decision to go ahead been taken at that time, it would have been available in the very early Sixties. But in 1957, Mr Sandys jettisoned the idea of a V-bomber replacement and put all his money on Bluestreak. This decision could not be maintained. When it became apparent, in 1959, both that the RAF would insist on a replacement and that Bluestreak was becoming impossibly expensive, the TSR2 was revived – re-christened a 'tactical strike' aircraft. But by this time, four years had been lost. The TSR2 is still at a very early stage of component-testing. When asked, this month, whether he could cite any TSR2 component already in existence, Mr Amery, the Air Minister, could only produce the 'main tail-plane spiggot'. The aircraft will not be in production until 1964, and in squadron service until 1965.

This is the point. It is no use building a good aircraft unless it is available at the right time. Mr Amery is no doubt correct in saying that the TSR2 is the best of its kind. But what he does not add is that the American F4H, which can perform a similar role at 2.7 Mach, is already in service. An even more advanced American aircraft of this type, the A3J, is now in the development pipe-line. In other words, by the time the TSR2 is available, it will be not one but two generations out of date. Naturally, nobody wants to buy it. And unless we can get some foreign support, the project will become impossibly costly. It may be that Washington, in order to keep the British military aircraft industry in being, will grant Mr Watkinson an off-shore procurement order for the TSR2. But this will be a form of enlightened charity; it will not be based on the merits of the aircraft *granted its delivery-date*.

There is an even sadder story behind Mr Watkinson's other piece of old iron, the Lightning fighter. This aircraft, flying at around Mach 2, is now available for sale. It has been trumpeted by the government as the best of its type. This is not true. Owing to an aerodynamic weakness, it has an operational speed limitation: it must reduce speed by about .5 Mach before it can release its Firestreak missiles. Naturally, nobody wants to buy this either. The Germans have already turned it down. The Indians may take some (they really prefer a foreign alternative) but only because the British government is offering exceptional credit terms.

In other words, in order to sell British weapons abroad, we are using precisely the devices of which we accuse the Americans. Hence, far from flying to Washington in an atmosphere of moral righteousness, Mr Watkinson is on a begging mission. His expedition is scarcely less humiliating than Mr Thorneycroft's pathetic attempts to dispose of the carcase of Bluestreak.

The Labour Party

Cutting Off the Foot

If a political satirist had fabricated the story that the Parliamentary Labour Party would choose to celebrate a moment of maximum disarray among the Tories by withdrawing the Whip from Michael Foot, the notion would have been dismissed as the crudest form of lampoon. Once again, however, Labour MPs have confounded their apologists. It has long been known that one of the tactics much favoured in circles close to the leader has been to isolate a small group of left-wing 'extremists' and 'trouble-makers' and spring on them the trap of expulsion *pour encourager les autres*. Whatever one may think of its purpose, this manoeuvre might have been tactically effective, provided the victims were sufficiently unpopular and could be plausibly presented as real trouble-makers. But to spring such a trap on Michael Foot is to make nonsense of the whole ploy. Foot is not always prudent – he has not shown himself so in this incident – but he towers in moral and political stature over most of the nonentities who have punished him. Moreover he is perhaps the best-loved individual member of the Labour Party among the rank and file, and by no stretch of imagination can his deep loyalty to Labour principles be impugned. In so far as his expulsion was part of a tactical manoeuvre against the Left, those who engineered it have simply made themselves public laughing-stocks.

An attempt is now being made by the party machine to present the issue as one of basic loyalty to party decisions. But to what decisions? If Mr Gaitskell may 'fight, fight and fight again' against the Conference, may Mr Foot not demonstrate in its support? If it is argued that he could reasonably do so up to the point of voting, but that actually to go into the lobby against a decision of the parliamentary party is treason, one can only say that in a party which has divested itself of standing orders it seems extraordinary that a man of Foot's calibre cannot be permitted without expulsion to cast a vote according to his convictions and his election promises. Especially is this so since the incident was in the first place of no particular importance and, until the witch-hunters got to work, had attracted no public attention.

The letter of protest signed this week by 78 Labour MPs shows the extent of the anxiety occasioned. It has been widely spread abroad that the instigators of this particular persecution were Mr George Brown and the Labour Chief Whip: certainly there is reason to think that Mr Gaitskell was not eager to saddle himself with the responsibility of expelling Foot – whatever he may have felt about the other four rebels. Still, he is the leader and his must be the responsibility. Last Wednesday the Executive, which refused even to 'take note' of the case of Foot, concluded a week of carnage by 'suspending' Mr Zilliacus and inquiring into the activities of Mr Wyatt – able and unconventional extremists of the left and right respectively, whose talents could surely be contained in a healthy Labour Party. No wonder that in a week of Tory crisis, Labour has had its worst press for many months: it has earned it.

The Peerage

Wedgwood Benn's First Round

It may be doubted whether Mr Wedgwood Benn ever stood much chance in the Committee of Privileges. He was obliged by his need to fight on every front to put up the best legal argument he could – and it turned out to be one of unexpected power and ingenuity. Nevertheless, the weight of precedent was all against him and so the Committee understandably found. But the essence of his case is that the time has come to depart from precedent in the cause of freedom. The natural solution to the problem, therefore, would be legislation permitting a peer to renounce his peerage and plump for the style and opportunities of a commoner. Many MPs of all parties would support such a reform which is long overdue. It is regrettable therefore that the Committee of Privileges in addition to giving its findings on the validity of Mr Wedgwood Benn's legal claim, chose to add the rider that it did 'not recommend the introduction of a Bill to enable Mr Wedgwood Benn to remain a member of the Commons'. That this particular rider was

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carried only by the casting vote of Mr Butler need occasion no surprise. However much the public and radical-minded MPs of all parties may support Wedgwood Benn, the government will fight him to the last ditch: Ministers understand quite well that his challenge is essentially a challenge to the constitution and role of the House of Lords.

The Commonwealth

Failure of a Mission

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The right wing of the Tory Party seems to have failed, for the moment, to get Mr Macleod's scalp. Sir Roy Welensky has returned home, not accepting Macleod's plan, but convinced by Macmillan that he must fight in Lusaka rather than in London. This can be scant comfort to him. He may put on a brave propaganda face in order to reassure his supporters; but he must know that room for manoeuvre in Lusaka within the terms of the Macleod constitution is narrow in the extreme. Last week, Martin Wray, Northern Rhodesia's Chief Secretary, circulated the government's proposals for filling in the details of the constitution to the leaders of the political parties. He emphasised that it is only within the terms of the new constitution that discussion can take place – on such issues, in other words, as the qualifications for the upper roll, the minimum percentage to be secured from each roll by candidates for the National seats, and the drawing of constituency boundaries. On that basis, Welensky's desire to alter the numbers elected on each roll and to maintain the present system of cross voting, which heavily weights European votes, would be out of order. It may be that he still hopes to delimit the constituencies in a manner which would allow his United Federal Party to win all the upper roll and a proportion of the National seats. But his chances do not look good: there are many Europeans who do not support him, while his National candidates are most unlikely to gain even a tiny percentage of the African lower roll.

On South Africa, too, Mr Macmillan made little effort to conciliate his right wing. He has now plainly abandoned his attempt to ride both *apartheid* and the wind of change simultaneously and has grasped the fact that a new Commonwealth was born last week. His decision to maintain present arrangements with South Africa until new legislation can be worked out is sensible. The real test will come, however, over the High Commission territories, over the British vote on South African issues on the UN, and over the willingness of Britain to give positive help to the oppressed races of the Union now the Commonwealth umbrella is folded.

Johannesburg

Verwoerd's Choice

A Special Correspondent writes: Bewilderment has been the reaction of the English-speaking minority at the outcome of the Commonwealth crisis. They had confidently believed that because both sections of the white population wanted to retain membership of the Commonwealth – and especially as Mr Macmillan wanted this, too – nothing could stop it.

The English here have always tried to have it both ways – to acquiesce in the prevailing racial policy and at the same time to cling to the remnants of British tradition. Only now is the incompatibility of these two attitudes dawning on them. With his customary skill, Dr Verwoerd also made a bid to have it both ways – to enjoy the benefits and status of Commonwealth membership because it suited his strategy, while at the same time pursuing his relentless racial policy.

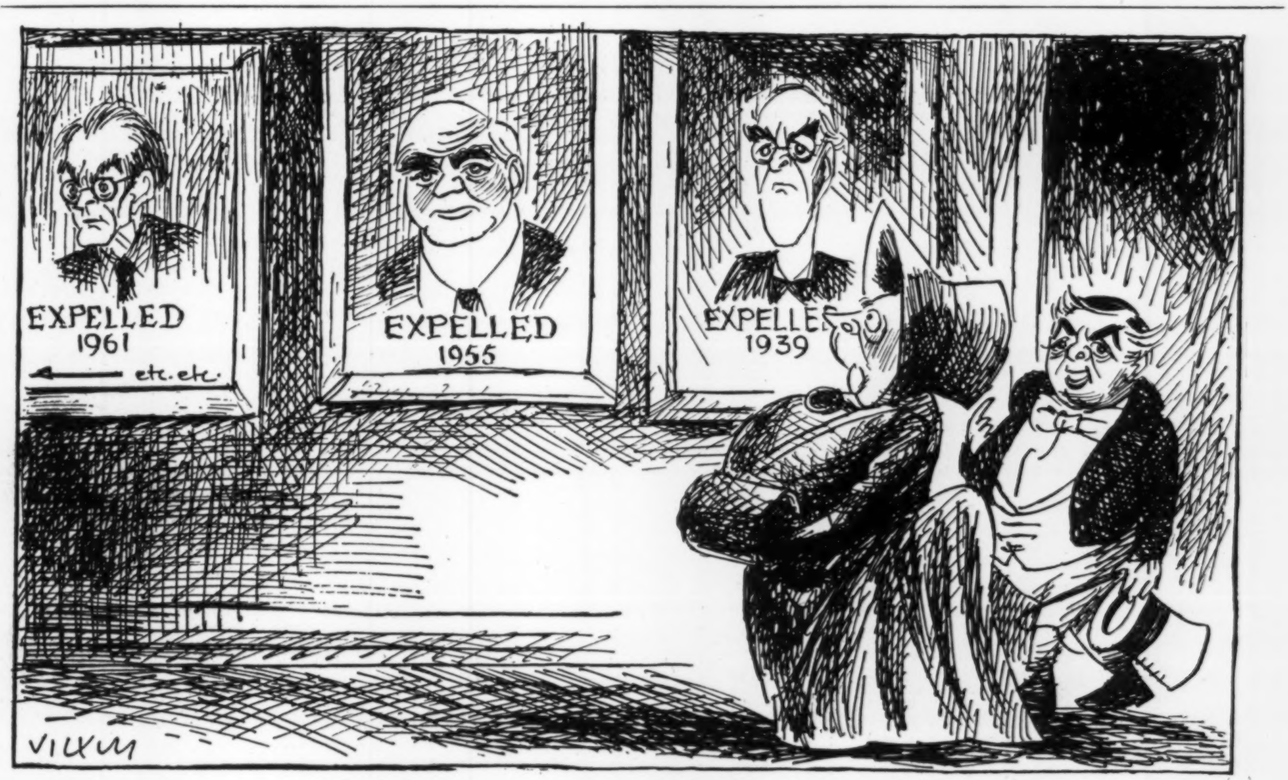
Dr Verwoerd won the plebiscite last year on the assumption that South Africa could remain in the Commonwealth as a republic, and that its internal policies were not an issue. His victory was due to the fact that a small percentage of the English, as well as many dubious Afrikaners, voted for his republic on that assumption, which no one imagined Afro-Asian pressure would confound. Now the English feel trapped by the unforseen result. There will not be another plebiscite; and, if there is a general election, the Nationalists know that, aided by the unfair electoral system, they can win it. So the present situation does not dismay Dr Verwoerd, the main body of whose followers have never really wanted to remain in a Commonwealth influenced by black members bent on racial equality.

Westminster

£24,000 a Year

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: If Labour members could find a psychiatrist capable of straightening out the Parliamentary Labour Party, most of them would think him cheap at the price of £24,000 a year; but it was a sign that some sanity still lingers when the main body of members compelled their parliamentary committee to protest, almost in terms of censure, at Mr Ernest Marples's proposal to pay Dr Beeching this sum for reorganising the railways. One knows that, after tax, Dr Beeching may take home less than £7,000 of this sum; but it is the gross figure which ordinary railwaymen, still themselves among the worst paid of workers, will bandy about on Number One platform.

This ground – it might be called tactlessness – was the first on which such speakers as Mr George Strauss and Mr Bob Mellish attacked the Minister and they were backed up by at least one Conservative, Mr Montgomery, who refused to vote in the government lobby. Another Tory, Mr Gerald Nabarro, supported Labour's attack on a



'Discipline must be maintained' – from 'Bleak House'

second ground – that this salary was wholly out of line with those paid in other nationalised industries and must therefore lead to a general increase in the salaries of, say, the chairmen of the National Coal Board or the Central Electricity Generating Board.

No doubt Nabarro, in this, was thinking of the taxpayers' interest. Other members, notably Montgomery, wanted to preserve in these appointments the element of a sense of duty which inspires men to join the public service for lower rewards than they would extract from private industry. Still others went even wider. How they asked could one justify such a payment to a man who was running only the railways when the Prime Minister, running the country, received £10,000? If Dr Beeching was worth £24,000 what, they asked on somewhat less secure grounds, was his boss Marples worth? Though this produced a number of rude and irrelevant answers, the point was there – that our sense of relative value, as shown by the rewards offered for varying forms of service, was pretty haywire in present-day society.

Pay, however, was not the only point of attack. There was also a good deal of resentment that a railwayman had not been appointed. Were not men in any industry or profession likely to be discouraged if they felt that the top jobs would go to outsiders? Dr Charles Hill, in that part of his speech which was not meant for the Victoria Palace – about two minutes – got the better of the argument here. Exceptional ability to organise, rather than immediate detailed knowledge, was required in this job, and Dr Beeching had it.

Behind all this, however, was the fear, frequently expressed, that Dr Beeching had been called on, not to make the railways into an efficient public service, still less to integrate them with other forms of transport, but to prune and cut solely in the interests of profit. It is known that Marples is not railway-minded. To him railways have little interest outside a museum. Is Beeching to wield a hatchet which Sir Brian Robertson flatly refused even to touch? We shall see; but on Tuesday night Labour members had no doubts and went with relish into the same division lobby. Perhaps we go in for internal feuds for the same reason that the lunatic went in for banging his head against a stone wall – because it is so nice when, occasionally, we leave off.

New York

Pursuit of Progress

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: Only three months ago the American delegate to the UN Assembly was directed by President Eisenhower to abstain from voting for an innocuously vague resolution calling for an end to colonialism. As long as it did not threaten the peace, the theory was, colonialism was a private matter between the ruling and the ruled and therefore none of the business of a world organisation.

Last week Mr Adlai Stevenson recorded a national change of heart. In the strange company of Liberia, Ceylon, the United Arab Republic and Russia, he voted for an inquiry into rebellious disturbances in Portuguese Angola. Citing in his support the radical preamble to the Declaration of Independence, Mr Stevenson invoked the equality of men and their God-given right to pursue happiness, presumably even in a Congolese or Angolan sort of way. His remarks, the Liberian delegate predicted, would 'reverberate throughout Africa and the world'.

The first reverberation came from anonymous sources in the State Department, who let it be known to reporters that the Department was not unanimously elated by the move and that the supporting decision from the White House had been a hurried one. Both observations seem to have been true, but the underlying policy was not exactly pulled out of a hat. On the contrary, it is a fixed belief in the new Washington that the western powers have gone as far as they can go with hand-outs and rhetoric for the under-developed areas of the earth and had best now move on to the political realities.

One of these realities for President Kennedy, it seems safe to say, is the improbability that European states can hold on much longer to the shreds of African empire. He did not think the French could do it in Algiers and said so, rather bluntly, when he was still a Senator. To those who attacked G. Mennen Williams, his Assistant Secretary of State, for remarking that 'Africa belongs to the Africans', Mr Kennedy commented only that his messenger of good will had done well and that he was 'wholly satisfied with his mission'. And his reception of President Nkrumah, who was casually dismissed by the preceding Administration as 'definitely leaning toward the Soviet bloc', was so handsome that the visitor from Ghana left Washington in a glow of cordiality and a belief that the 'outlook portends something good and hopeful' for both countries.

Another reality for the Administration, even fresher than the doom of colonialism, is the folly of pouring money into feudal economies. Although the President suggested that there was nothing new about his slogan, '*Progresso, si! Tirania, no!*' previous Administrations had not always made so fine a distinction. It is true, too, that Mr Kennedy has for the present asked Congress for no more than the half-billion-dollar appropriation requested by the Eisenhower Administration last year, which compares pathetically with the 12 billion dollars poured into Europe under the Marshall Plan. But that is no more than the first trickle of a potential flood, and it is not the heart of the matter.

Where the proposed new ten-year 'Alliance for Progress' differs from all previous aid programmes, goodwill gestures, and the like is in the extremely pointed reminders – one is tempted to say condition – that the recipient states 'modify their social patterns so that all, and not just a privileged few, share in the fruits of growth'. If that means anything, it means that vast estates will have to be broken up, that what amounts to peonage in some of the countries will have to be abolished, and that public schools, public health, and public service will have to be given high priorities if Yankee dollars are to flow to Latin America. In short, revolution from above is being invited – without bloodshed, without Castros, and without benefit to Moscow. A lot to ask, perhaps, but for the privileged of Latin America the Cuban bad boy has posed a hard choice, and if they have a vision rarely vouchsafed to Bourbons they may well prefer dealing with Kennedy today than Krushchev tomorrow.

NEXT WEEK

The Eichmann Trial

R. H. S. CROSSMAN MP

My Fight for Common Sense

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD-BENN

No National Theatre?

Owing to the Easter holidays, next week's NEW STATESMAN *will be on sale on Thursday, 24 hours earlier than usual.*

Fleet Street

The Writing Editor

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* When Stalin died the phrase 'personality cult' was born. Today this is called 'the brand image.' According to Madison Avenue and its British equivalents, 'the brand image' is a MUST if a business is to prosper; and it may well be so. Certainly a bearded character named Whitehead made the reluctant Americans take to Schweppes' tonic water; certainly a fellow with a patch over one eye sold shirts by the million; certainly sales of a brand of whisky rose stupendously when it was sponsored by 'men of distinction' in dinner jackets.

Will the rugged cleft chin, the pronounced bottom lip, the faint dimples and the kindly twinkling eyes of John Beavan do for the *Daily Herald* what beards and eye patches and tuxedos did for soft drinks, shirts and Scotch?

The management of Odhams Press clearly think so, and in their Spring circulation drive to put the *Herald* back in the land of the living have given Beavan's come-hither look superior billing in the paper's lively 'Face to Face' series to photographs of such popular idols as Tommy Steele, Billy Butlin, Jack Solomons and Johnny Haynes.

If I were John Beavan I would be cursing the day I was born as handsome as a film star, for with his vast newspaper experience (*Manchester Evening News, Evening Standard, Observer* and *Guardian*) he must know that what the editor looks like won't sell a copy.

Beavan may, of course, have given his consent to become the *Herald's* brand image because he is a writing editor and therefore as much a public figure as his contributors. It is a fair argument, but if my experience is anything to go by he will find himself very soon faced with the alternative of either giving up editing or giving up writing.

Many years ago – before the Spanish Civil War in fact – I wrote an article on a bull-fighting holiday for the *Daily Express*. It was not modesty that caused me to sign it with my elder son's Christian name and my wife's maiden name; it was because Lord Beaverbrook did not allow his editors to write articles. But vanity won; and, after I had caused it to be known that 'Michael Shepherd' was in fact me, I received a message from on high that my place was on the bridge of the ship, not in the engine room. From that time on until my retirement I wrote very little – the important political articles that sometimes appeared under my name were 'ghosted' by no less a person than the Boss himself. That other Beaverbrook writing editor, John Gordon, did not begin his column until he retired, and I would bet a thousand to one that most readers of this journal could not name the present editors of the *Daily Express*, the *Sunday Express* and the *Evening Standard*.

The Beaver is right. Editing a morning paper six days a week is an exhausting, exacting job. It demands above all that the editor be always available to his staff, always with them impressing his personality, his ideas, his techniques of writing text and writing headlines, his methods of production. The editor who locks himself in his office in order to write articles makes himself a prisoner in one tiny corner of the whole edifice. The occasions on which he is forced to lock himself in are numerous enough, without adding to them by taking time for original output.

I am told that Hugh Cudlipp, whose name has appeared in the papers he controls on even fewer occasions than mine did in the *Express*, is encouraging Beavan as a writer-editor. Cudlipp and Beavan were cub reporters in Manchester together, and, as Cecil Harmsworth King's editorial man, Cudlipp is now titularly Beavan's boss. Already he has advised Beavan to transfer the leader column to Page One and has endorsed the wisdom of Beavan's writing his own weekly column. Maybe Beavan will be the exception to prove the rule. Maybe the projection of his name will restore the power of the writing editor and make it as important as the name of Northcliffe was to the *Daily Mail* or the name of Beaverbrook is to the *Daily Express*.

I hope so. Beavan is said to be a fast worker – as an ex-evening paper man he can dash off a leading article in 20 minutes. He has a first-rate knowledge of technique and was responsible for the typography of the *Observer*. He is a rare bird as both a technician and a politician. These assets have already become apparent in the *Herald*. The appearance of the paper has been so skilfully cleaned up that there are days when its front page is indistinguishable from that of the *Express* – when both papers used a mountainous blow-up of the word OUT to announce South Africa's departure from the Commonwealth, the *Express* night-editor telephoned his congratulations to his opposite number in Long Acre. New features have been developed, such as a book review a day and a Page Two columnist (Page Two is every editor's headache). The paper has been given a lively dignity and with its new-born freedom the beginnings of political form.

But if the battle is to be finally won, Beavan must do more than make his paper look like the *Express*. He must impose his own brand image on every page and on every member of his staff. The time is ripe for a change in news standards, for a movement which will bring to an end the 'can't-tell-t'other-from-which' slavishness which now dominates Fleet Street news selection. Success could come for Beavan at the price of a two-year slog of 18 hours a day. If I were he, I would conserve my energies by inspiring the rest of the staff to do the writing. I did. And so does Hugh Cudlipp!

Algiers: Peace Breaks Out

K. S. KAROL

The Algerian War has now entered its final phase. However long and complex the direct negotiations between the French and Algerian governments may be, it is already clear that peace is near and that Algeria will soon be independent. This certainly is shared by all shades of political opinion in Paris. The newspapers which, until recently, were firmly committed to *Algérie française* are now discussing the future status of the Sahara and the French naval base at Mers-el-Kebir. This abrupt change of front is no accident; nor does it reflect a change in de Gaulle's own attitude. Between the breakdown at Melun and the opening of the new negotiations, a decisive event took place. On 11 December 1960, the Arab inhabitants of all the big towns in Algeria swarmed into the streets under the flag of the FLN. Some hundreds of them – the exact figure is still unknown – were shot down by the parachutists; the French army did not sustain a single casualty. Nevertheless, as people are now beginning to realise, the events of 11 December were as decisive a defeat as Dien-Bien-Phu.

Since that date, the physical control exercised by France in Algeria has been not merely precarious but largely fictitious. Any foreign observer can see plainly that the Arab population now obeys only one master: the Ferhat Abbas government. Orders from Paris, despite the massive apparatus of military repression, are carried out only when they do not conflict with the nationalist sentiments of the population. The once-dominant *ultras*, who terrorised successive governments in Paris, no longer dare to demonstrate in the streets, for fear of arousing Arab reprisals.

Even those Arabs who collaborated with the French have now wisely – if a little tardily – rallied to the FLN. The most obvious example is M. Ali Mallem, who in May 1958 sat alongside General Massu as Vice-President of the Public Safety Committee. He has now been expelled from the Gaullist Party for making secret contact with Ferhat Abbas. Most of the *beni-oui-ouis* whom de Gaulle had elected senators and deputies, and on whom he depended for proof that a part, at least, of Arab opinion was with him, have now published a declaration of allegiance to the rebel government.

Against this background, the negotiations between de Gaulle and the nationalists have lost much of their point. Whether Ferhat Abbas accepts a 'transition period' of 12 or 18 months is of little importance. In either case, the day he and his colleagues set foot in Algiers they will be the real masters, whatever their official titles. Once the machine of repression is dismantled and the parachutists withdrawn, the FLN will be the law, even before its power is legalised by what will be a merely symbolic vote on self-determination. The only object of the negotiations, from France's viewpoint, is to save face.

To be sure, there will be hard bargaining on economic matters. France has sunk a lot of money into the Saharan oil-fields: she has no intention of handing them over to Algeria as a sort of coming-of-age present. Already 25 per cent of France's oil imports come from the Sahara – a figure reflected in France's trade-balance – and some experts believe that, in five years, the Franc Zone will be able to supply all of France's internal needs. On this point, the nationalists, who are now demanding total sovereignty over the Sahara, will no doubt be forced to compromise. Equally, they may have to give way somewhat over Mers-el-Kebir, which the French want to create into a Gibraltar-type fortress. But the real problem, for Algeria as well as for France, has little to do with the details of the treaty: it is what will happen after Algeria gets its independence and the French Army departs.

In 1954, Pierre Mendès-France succeeded in turning military defeat in Indo-China into a moral victory by his handling of the negotiations. Immediately after the Geneva talks, the immense majority of Frenchmen felt they owed him a debt of gratitude for ridding them of what had become an unpopular war. When he won his bet of making peace in 30 days, he was reinvested in office by an enormous majority of the Assembly, which included the Communists as well as the right. But a few months later, this national gratitude had been transformed into violent rancour, at least so far as the army and the right were concerned.

General de Gaulle knows perfectly well that, within a few months, the Algerian War will end in a similar fashion. He will do everything he can to present the Algerian Republic as the creation of French generosity rather than nationalist endurance. We may be sure that he will succeed in persuading a good many Frenchmen, at least for a time, that the return of Ferhat Abbas to Algiers is a victory for France. Frenchmen will believe him all the more readily in that they are sick to death of this interminable war, with its political plots, its savagery, its perpetual fanaticism.

But the General does not want to find himself, a few months after the cheers have died down, in the same position as Mendès-France. Here and now, he has made up his mind to strike while the iron is hot, and he intends to embark on a new constitutional reform immediately after the negotiations are successfully concluded. His idea is to transform France into a presidential republic, with the head of the executive elected by universal suffrage in the American manner.

In fact, his plan is not so much to reform the constitution as to hold yet another personal plebiscite, under the slogan of 'The Man Who Ended the Algerian War'. He expects to win by an enormous majority, and guarantee his power for several more years. He will thus be able to survive the aftermath of disillusionment over Algeria – and the risks which will follow the transfer of power.

For there are risks. The FLN has become steadily more radical during six years of war. Its leaders are now openly influenced not merely by the ideology of Nasser, but even of Castro. Unlike Bourguiba in Tunisia and the young Hassan II in Morocco, they tend to be revolutionaries and neutralists. Moreover, the Algerian masses now expect from them not only the end of French rule but fundamental social reforms and a massive attempt to raise living standards. The intrusion of this radical government into the heart of the Maghreb is bound to revitalise the left opposition both in Tunisia and Morocco.

Will then the creation of the Algerian Republic bring about a working alliance between France and the Maghreb states? Or will it accelerate the drift of North Africa to neutralism? I am tempted to plump for the second hypothesis. If I am right, there is a real risk that the Cold War will penetrate North Africa, and a certainty that French opinion will be bitterly disillusioned. But the French, and their western allies, will have only themselves to blame. By their intransigence in the past, they have played into the hands of the extremists among the Algerian nationalists. If the war had not lasted six years, and if it had not received the tacit support of France's Nato partners, a 'western solution' would have stood a much greater chance of succeeding. By refusing, for years, to cede anything, France may yet end by losing everything.

A Four-Year Plan for Britain

RT HON. HAROLD WILSON MP

Britain's economic position is approaching a crisis. For the first time not only the Labour Party and left-wing economists, but the high-priests of industry and finance are coming to realise that trouble lies ahead, that laisser-faire economics provide no answer to the problem and that steady industrial expansion and a strong currency in world markets can be achieved only by the introduction of purposive economic planning.

For ten years our industrial production has lagged behind the rest of Europe. Since 1951 our industrial production has increased by 35 per cent (17 per cent of this in two single years) but that of western Europe has gone up by 82 per cent and that of the Soviet Union by an estimated 158 per cent. When, every three or four years, the government has permitted production to increase, the expansion has barely got under way before a foreign exchange crisis has brought it to an end, and evoked new restrictions.

Year by year we are losing ground in export markets: Britain's share in world exports of manufactured goods which stood at 25·5 per cent in 1950 and 19·6 per cent in 1955 had fallen to 15·4 per cent by the autumn of 1960, and the rate of fall is accelerating. Our export-import balance in 1960 was the worst since 1951; we were saved from a gold reserve crisis only by massive borrowing (estimated at £900m) of short-term capital, hot money attracted to London by a costly policy of high interest rates.

It is now clear that what we are facing is not just one more in the post-war series of foreign crises, but a worsening long-term trend. It is the result not of any inherent softening of our national character, or any decline in our standard of industrial skill or scientific inventiveness: the fault lies in easy-going and complacent national economic policies which have led to the development of a soft-centre economy incapable of meeting the challenge of our times. But a comprehensive plan of national development can recreate a dynamic sense of national purpose and restore our place in the world.

The first objective is to ensure that we can achieve a steady increase in our national production year by year without continual lurchings into foreign exchange crisis. To say this is to reject utterly the Conservative thesis which has dogged government policy ever since Mr Macmillan's period at the Treasury, that industrial expansion and the strength of sterling are two incompatible objectives. My conviction is that expanding production, provided it is purposively directed, is not only compatible with a strong overseas position; it is the only way to achieve it.

The Conservative thesis is a counsel of despair, though it is a natural enough consequence of their attitude of governmental economic abdication. Simply because they refuse to plan, simply because they reject the controls which alone make possible a selective policy of economic development, their periodic attempts to stimulate the economy (e.g. in 1954-55 and 1958-59), have led to an unbalanced and uncontrolled expansion of consumer goods for the home market. This in turn quickly hit our exports, forced an expensive increase in our imports, and produced a payments crisis. And year by year the continuing discouragement to investment – artificially restricted in the period of crisis and crowded out during the consumer boom – made us less competitive in world markets, and prevented industrial capacity from growing quickly enough to avert the next crisis.

The answer to rising prices at home and a weak pound abroad is to increase production, not blindly and unselectively, but with a heavy concentration on the types of industrial investment which can contribute most to strengthening our industrial base and our competitive position. The reason why once again there is widespread talk of devaluation, and the reason why the Chancellor of the Exchequer panics at the thought of a 4 per cent increase in British wages this year (against an increase of 12 per cent in German wages in 1960) are explained by one simple fact: over the greater part of the last decade British production was increasing at a rate of two per cent each year against a German rate of over ten per cent.

The first objective, then, is to will the means to a sustained increase in production. This in turns means a sharp rise in essential investment, in new industrial buildings, plant and machinery. In 1959 the proportion of Britain's national income going into all fixed investment was 15.5 per cent, against 23 per cent for West Germany.

The contrast with the Soviet record is even more striking. A year ago Mr Allen Dulles told the American Association of Manufacturers: 'The Kremlin leaders direct almost 30 per cent of gross national product into capital outlays while in the United States we are content with 17 to 20 per cent'. At that time Britain's provision for investment (15.5 per cent), was even lower than that of the United States, and only just over half the Russian proportion.

The challenge presented to Britain, and to the US, by the Soviet Union is not merely one of the scale of investment. It is even more one of direction. The Soviet achievement is to increase year by year the means of production, and to concentrate that increase to a very high degree on scientific research, and the means of turning that research into powerful, new and productive instruments. Similarly, in the field of social investment, the Russians manage to spend ten per cent of their national income on education, against a figure of four per cent in Britain, and turn out each year 130,000 science and engineering graduates against 13,000 in Britain.

In the face of this challenge Britain's shame is that we invest too little, and too much of what we do invest is, in terms of national need, relatively frivolous and unproductive. The investment programme of the affluent society has been heavily concentrated on office blocks, luxury building, commercial TV and consumer services. Within manufacturing industry, investment has been heavily distorted in favour of motorcars, consumer durables, food, paper and printing. Worse, though in this respect we are still not fully

The Pattern of Decline

These three tables show what has happened to Britain's economic position in the ten years of Conservative government. While production and export increases have lagged behind those of other industrial countries, the cost of living has risen more than in any one of the others save France.

In each of these tables the base year, 1951, equals an index of 100. The 1960 figures relate to the third quarter. For the USSR the 1959 figure is used in the first column: Soviet data on exports and living costs are not comparable.

PRODUCTION		EXPORTS		COST OF LIVING	
Japan	353	Japan	382	France	148
Soviet Union	241	West Germany	304	**BRITAIN**	**136**
West Germany	213	Italy	274	Japan	129
Italy	208	Netherlands	224	Italy	123
France	179	France	157	Netherlands	121
Netherlands	175	Belgium	152	United States	114
Canada	144	Canada	142	West Germany	114
BRITAIN	**135**	United States	122	Canada	113
United States	133	**BRITAIN**	**114**	Belgium	111
Belgium	118				

Americanised, far too much of our investment goes on 'accelerated obsolescence', retooling to meet real or artificially induced fashion changes in the design of motorcars and other consumer goods.

Economic planning then must be directed first to increasing investment, and to increasing it purposively. The priorities must be the industries which strengthen our industrial base and provide the means to further production, particularly of the goods we can best hope to sell in the markets of the world.

The result of this will be threefold.

1. Increased production will not be constantly imperilled by export crises, for the export sector will be increasing more than proportionately. The Conservative refusal to use selective controls means that every crisis has to be met by a general damping-down of production, which increases costs and holds back modernisation and future expansion. But a planned economy makes it possible to expand the key sectors of the industrial system. Where restraint is necessary it can be concentrated on the less essential elements in our national life.

2. Increased production will enable us to hold down costs and prices. This is socially desirable at home and essential in our overseas trade.

3. The creation of an annual increment in our national production creates for the government a surplus which gives it a freedom and manoeuvrability in economic policies such as we have not had at any time since the war. In pre-war days mass unemployment created a potential reserve of labour and thus a reserve market. The tragedy and folly of those days was that it was never called into being. From 1945 to 1951 the surplus was limited by shortages of raw materials and industrial capacity, and it was all too quickly absorbed in making good war damage and the effects of post-war shortages on our balance of payments. Since 1951 a vast potential surplus arising from a favourable turn in import prices was partly lost through restricted production and partly dissipated on purposes which have made no contribution to our economic development.

It has been this absence of a disposable surplus from current production which has caused the repeated balance of payments crises and the weary succession of marginal but damaging cuts in the social services. Britain has been operating on too narrow a margin.

Economic planning then must be directed towards the creation of an annual surplus accruing to the Chancellor which can be consciously applied to national purposes – strengthening the reserves, overseas investments, aid to under-developed areas, social services or consumption. The condemnation of our economic policies over the past few years is that we spent – or committed – the surplus before we produced it, and by so doing made its production the more difficult to achieve.

The case for planning is unanswerable. Now I turn to the mechanism. Why, it will be asked, a plan related to four years, and not five (as in India) or seven (as in Russia)? My reason for selecting four years in the first instance is that it broadly covers the lifetime of a normal parliament. The essential decisions must be taken in the first year, particularly the first spectacular leap in industrial investment. By the third year many of the new investment projects will be yielding their dividend, and by the fourth year it will be possible to harvest the fruits in economic and social terms. At the same time work would be proceeding on the next plan for submission to the electorate and a new parliament, as part of a broader plan covering a longer term of years.

The purpose of the Four-Year Plan is to raise the level of investment and to maintain an adequate level of planned demand so that production can rise at a reasonable rate.

In fixing the targets our first duty is to ensure full employment. To achieve this in 1965-70 it is not enough merely to expand industry proportionately with the numbers seeking work. Productivity is increasing. In 1957-60 it increased at about three per cent each year (compound). If it increases only at this rate, therefore, full employment in 1965 and 1970 will mean an increase in our national production of 18-19 per cent by 1965 and 40 per cent by 1970.

This cannot be left to chance. What is needed is a comprehensive plan covering the whole of our industry. We must begin with investment. Our programme must ensure that the volume of investment rises each year by one to one and a half per cent of the national income, with a specially concentrated effort in the first two years. If the plan were starting now we should aim at raising the 1960 rate of 16 per cent to about 18.5 per cent in the first year, to 19.6 per cent by the second, to nearly 20 per cent in the third year and about 21 per cent in the fourth. In the table above I give a model of the investment and production programmes over the four years, using 1961 as a starting point. In that period investment will have risen by 50 per cent, and production by 20 per cent – an average of five per cent per year. To put it in one sentence: our national income at the end of four years will have risen by over £5,000m.

The Plan for Investment

	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965
Total Domestic Expenditure at 1960 Prices	£25,000m	£27,540m	£28,560m	£29,580m	£30,600m
Investment	£4,200m	£5,100m	£5,610m	£5,870m	£6,380m
Investment as a Percentage of all Expenditure	16·8	18·5	19·6	19·8	20·8

I now turn to the problem of achieving these programmes, dealing first with the means to increased investment, the implications for overseas trade, and the ways to stimulate science and research in industry. I then turn to the implication of the plan for the social services, and the problems of budgeting and monetary policy, finally turning to the relation between the plan and the case for Socialism and common ownership.

The realisation of the plan demands a dramatic and selective increase in investment in the first year. A National Investment Board should be set up, to work out for each major industry, public and private, the rate of expansion needed. Since steel and other metals, certain chemicals, many branches of mechanical and electrical engineering will be priority sectors, the first leap forward will have to come in the capacity of the industries providing the equipment for these industries – steel-making plant, chemical plant manufacture, machine tools and plant-making automative equipment. Special attention will have to be given to industries producing essential ancillary equipment – ball and roller bearings, forgings, extrusions, electronic components, fractional horse-power motors and many more.

The important thing is that the various programmes will be related one to another: in uncontrolled private enterprise, expansion programmes are unco-ordinated in time and scale. Even in the so-called planned sector today, it has been revealed that the steel industry and the fuel and power industries have been working on different calculations of expansion, and for the last quarter of a century it has been rare for the steel-making and the steel-using industries to expand their capacity in any co-ordinated fashion. We have paid the price in costly emergency import programmes.

The difficulty of getting the investment programmes carried out will vary from industry to industry, and particularly between publicly and privately owned industry. The history of the past few years has emphasised the 'plannable' character of publicly-owned industry. Governments set on reducing investment have secured a quick, if reluctant, response from public boards. Indeed their responsiveness has meant that the Conservative government, unable or unwilling to control the private sector except by blunt and ineffectual monetary weapons, has imposed a disproportionate and damaging cut on the investment programmes of nationalised industries. But publicly-owned industries have shown their responsiveness, too, to expansionist policies. In the autumn of 1958, when the government feared that its deflationary policy had gone too far in a pre-election year, an essential part of its reflationary policy was to ask the nationalised industries to expand their investment programmes. Eighteen months later they were being cut again.

The Four-Year Plan should provide the publicly-owned industries with a clear investment programme covering the whole period of the plan. It would, of course, be related industry by industry to the investment and export programmes, but once it is settled the industries concerned should have every assurance that they could proceed, unhampered by government policy changes, for at least four years ahead.

The investment programme for public enterprise would almost certainly be fulfilled to the letter. It will be more difficult in the private sector. Here the government has three main weapons in its armoury; guaranteed orders, taxation, and competitive public enterprise.

Guaranteed orders have been used by governments of both parties to encourage investment in the private sectors. The Labour government's blanket order for the new heavy crawler tractor developed by the Vickers-Olding consortium was successful in getting production under way: the Conservatives developed ICI's production of titanium in a similar manner. In appropriate cases the government, when dealing with a hesitant or reluctant industry, should be prepared to 'underwrite the risk involved in a capital extension programme.

Taxation is a more general weapon. Initial allowances, and Mr Butler's invention of the investment allowance – a straight subsidy to capital investment – both have been and are being used. A Labour government could use them in a selective manner, granting special investment allowances to investment programmes in particular industries, or programmes 'certified by the Treasury to be in the public interest.' A better and no less selective plan, however, and one more likely to make British industry investment-minded, would be based on much more generous tax concessions combined with such physical controls as building licensing to hold back less essential projects.

Reform is urgently needed in the Inland Revenue's tax provisions for depreciation and writing-off capital expenditure. The rates at present allowed are to a great extent appropriate to a conception of capital expenditure based on building for a century ahead. There is a very strong case for considering a system under which industrialists are free to write off as much of their new capital expenditure as they like in the first or any subsequent year, the firm and not the Treasury deciding the rate of write-off. If the money for this quicker write-off were found by a levy on industry, or by a simple increase in profits-tax, the whole fiscal system would then be directed towards penalising the slothful and encouraging the enterprising and investment-minded.

Public Ownership

The third weapon is public ownership. Where a firm or industry refuses to meet the demand placed upon it by the national programme, there is a clear case for public ownership. Equally, there is much to be said for the establishment of state-owned competitive factories, designed to supplement industrial production and to act as a spur to efficiency in existing firms. Take one example. It is clear that in the past few years the machine-tool industry has not been adequate to meet the full needs of the nation, either in terms of quantity or in terms of the production of particular types of modern equipment, such as transfer machinery. The result is heavy and indeed growing imports: in 1960 there was only a small margin between exports and imports.

Rather than a sweeping programme of expropriation and nationalisation for the industry, there is a strong case for state-owned machine tool plants, specialising particularly in the types of machine tool where the existing industry is deficient.

I have drawn attention to the sharp and accelerating fall in Britain's share in world exports of manufactured goods. Year by year we have failed to build up our overseas shipments to a rate big enough to pay for our imports and provide a surplus to meet the needs of our overseas investments and our grossly inadequate contribution to the needs of under-developed areas in the colonies and elsewhere.

In 1954 Mr Butler said that our balance of payments on current account needed to be not less than £300m; four years later, taking higher prices into account, the Treasury set the target at £450m. In the past five years the actual figures have been: 1956, +£192m; 1957, +£234m; 1958, +£349m; 1959, +139m; and in 1960, a deficit of between £150m and £200m. In 1960 with exports up by six per cent over the poor 1959 figure, imports were up by 14 per cent; invisible earnings deteriorated, partly because of a very poor showing by the oil industry and partly through a fantastic rise in government military expenditure abroad. Our reserves, for the time, were saved from a devastating drain only by costly borrowing.

The plan must provide for a new gearing between national production and exports. This will require fundamental changes in general economic policy, in our economic diplomacy, and in the export-potential of our industry – a new language of priorities, in other words, in our budget policy.

Equally fundamental must be our approach to the problem of markets. We are still a long way from solving our complex relations with the Six and the Seven. Meanwhile, we lose ground not so much through a diversion of trade resulting from tariff discrimination as through a diversion of productive investment.

In the quantitatively more important Commonwealth markets, we are losing ground year by year, to Germany, Japan and the US. One of the greatest criticisms of the Conservative government is their responsibility for breaking up the Sterling Area as a trading entity. Much of the damage done cannot now be put right, but there is still room for a series of long-term trade agreements with Commonwealth countries under which, by state trading or other means, we would undertake to import guaranteed quantities of their staple products in return for increased exports of British goods. In the wider field of international economics, too, a great deal could be done to maintain and expand the demands of primary producing countries by the negotiation of international commodity agreements providing reasonable stability of prices and assured markets.

East-West trade – particularly with China, and with East Germany, where exports are lost through diplomatic obsessions – could be considerably expanded, especially in the shipment of completed factories and plants.

But to increase exports we need also to re-deploy our industries to produce more of those goods the world wants. What we sell in the main today is the overspill from the affluent society, and our new investment is much more consciously directed to the needs of the home consumer market than to that of export markets. The government's refusal to fill the gap in our stagnating economy three years ago by purposive help to essential investment meant that in 1958-59, when the Cabinet panicked about the growth of unemployment it sought to promote a consumer demand boom, which in turn generated an investment boom in the equipment needed to produce consumer goods.

When the boom is in orange squash and washing-machines, the new investment called forth is machinery and plant used in the production of these goods, and the overseas market for such equipment is severely limited. Hence our programmes, industry by industry, must provide for a dramatic expansion of capacity to produce machine tools, fuel and power plant, steel and chemical plant-making equipment, agricultural and earth-moving equipment and other items which are and will be in urgent demand in world markets, not just in those of the affluent West.

Industry needs not only to be expanded and mechanised: it needs to be imbued with the scientific revolution. A few – only a few – British industries have a good research record. British industry spends nearly as much on consumer-advertising and sales promotion as on scientific research, and, even so, a high proportion of industry's research expenditure is provided directly or indirectly by the government. In some of our key industries research, in the modern sense, is almost unknown. A recent government report showed that firms accounting for 90 per cent of the nation's machine tool output employed between them 25 graduate scientists or engineers. In shipbuilding, in which Britain is now a net importer, the record is no better.

As a nation we are producing far too few scientists, and those we have are grotesquely deployed. Even more serious is the gap between scientific work and its industrial application. While we give this problem a priority far lower than advertising, we face a Soviet Union which has given top priority to the application of science to industry, and has created a series of high-level committees, representing both science and industry, to cover such sectors of the economy as the chemical industry, aircraft, shipbuilding, machine tools and industrial plant, agriculture, and building.

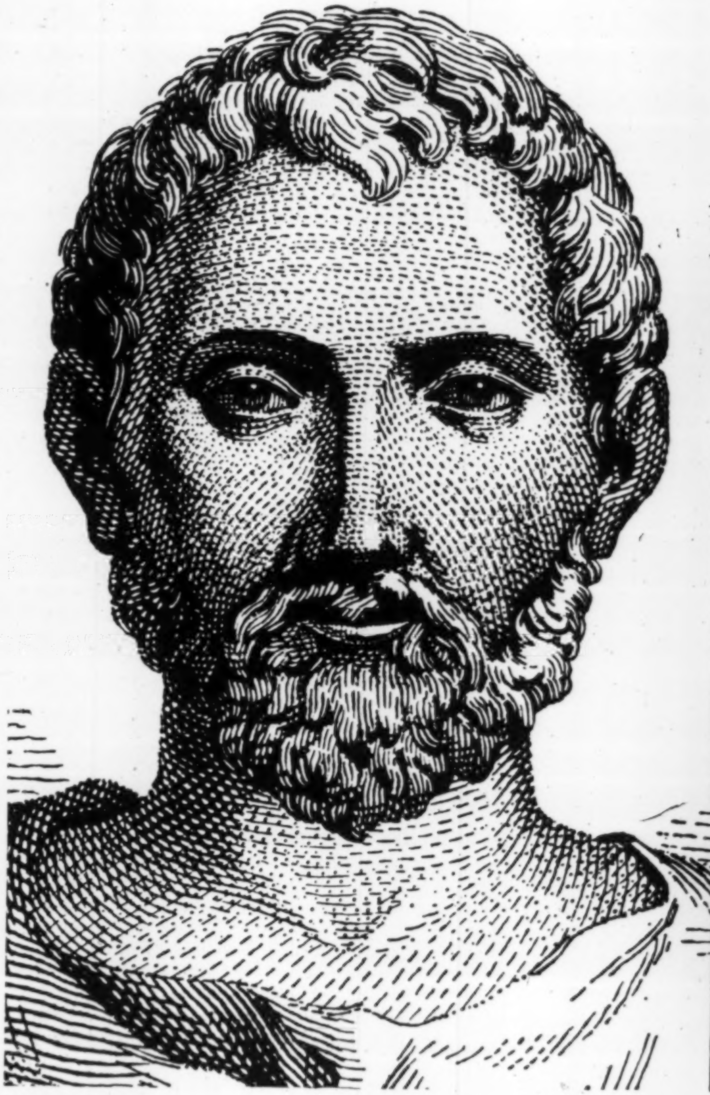
Science and the Future

The government's present policy for training qualified scientists and engineers is grossly inadequate. They aim at increasing the yearly output from just under 12,000 in 1956 to 20,000 by the late Sixties – barely sufficient to keep pace with the normal expansion of the industries involved. There is no provision of additional scientists and technologists for making British industry more science-intensive, none for improving our more backward industries, none for the supply of scientists to the colonial and other under-developed territories, none for improving the effective numbers or the quality of our science teaching staffs.

In the Labour Party's pamphlet *Science and the Future of Britain* it is proposed that the output of scientists and engineers should be expanded four times in the next ten years. This is certainly not too ambitious, but even this will mean important changes in our educational structure and priorities. And the first task must be to increase the number and status of science teachers – the seed corn of the scientific harvest. They are needed to train not only the scientists, but technicians and trained assistants at a rate of four to every scientist.

The second problem is re-deployment. Our existing scientists are grossly misemployed. Too many are employed on costly and wasteful missile research – the misdirected servants of the government's vain search for military prestige. But even more are employed in the consumer industries seeking, not the means to increased efficiency or genuinely better products, but some new additive or gimmick which will enable the advertising agents to rush on to the television screens with claims of new and in many cases unnecessary variants of some perfectly adequate product. To redress the priorities between advertising, and the vast army of researchers who provide the advertiser with his copy, on the one hand, and scientific research on the other, is one of the major tasks of a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer armed with budgetary and other means of enforcing his decisions.

The third problem is to increase the volume of industrial research and influence its direction. Bigger grants will be needed for universities, for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, but this is not enough. Provision for scientific research must be given



"Quot homines tot sententiae"

TERENCE

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a higher fiscal priority and the government must not hesitate to commission research in private and public industry. A start was made by the post-war Labour government with the National Research Development Corporation, which was empowered to take inventions in the universities and government research establishments, and the work of private inventors, and develop them to the point where they could become industrial propositions. The Manchester University electronic brain and the Hovercraft are only two of its successes. But we must go further.

What is needed is a system of government-sponsored research and development contracts in the civil field. We are familiar with these contracts in the development of fighter aircraft and guided missiles. They should be extended to cover such things as new machine-tool developments, a British shuttleless loom, new methods of welding in shipbuilding, and other civil projects which, for a relatively small expenditure of public money properly controlled and directed, could revolutionise some of our key industries. Britain can never again become the workshop of the world, but we can become the world's pilot plant.

Long-term planning for the social services is needed for three reasons. First, an expanding and improving provision for social security needs to be written into the plan to ensure that the resources, both physical and financial, are made available. The plan exists for the people, and the people's social services are the principal way in which the state can make sure provision for those in greatest need. Secondly, the social services – education, the Health Service, housing, as well as much greater provision for the arts, amenities and sport – are an important element in the capital investment programme, and need to be planned just as surely as the investment needs of private and public industry. Thirdly, the expansion of such services as education, health and housing are essential to the fulfilment of the economic plan.

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The education programme, including the university expansion programme, will need to be increased far beyond existing Conservative plans. Although the present government envisages an increase in educational expenditure from £700m in 1960 to £1,050m in 1970, this makes inadequate provision for the supply of scientists and technologists, and no provision at all for the implementation of the Crowther Report. A Four-Year Plan beginning now will need to rise by at least £300m above the expenditure at present proposed and the capital and current accounts involved will need to be written into the programme.

The first task on the Health Service will be to recreate the free service established by Aneurin Bevan. The repeal of the charges is likely to cost £45m a year, but this is not all. The Conservatives have three times increased the health insurance stamp provision, from 10d. a week in 1951 to 3s. 4d. today; its yield was £40m in 1951 and it will be £161m in 1961-2. The Labour Party has vehemently opposed this growing dependence on a regressive poll-tax, and it has called for the service to be financed much more out of general taxation.

The balance between the poll-tax and the Exchequer contribution is not a question which affects the allocation of national resources to the service as a whole: it is a simple question of fiscal justice. Year by year the case is becoming stronger for taking the Health Service and its contributions under the general Exchequer system and, while determining benefits and provision for treatment on the basis of need, assessing contributions on the basis of means. The existence of two separate systems of taxation, one related to ability to pay and operating progressively as income increases, the other a poll-tax taking no account of means, cannot be defended by a Socialist.

In the field of housing the first need is to raise very sharply the proportion of houses built by local authorities which can be rented on the basis of need. The present figure of 125,000 per annum should be raised to at least 225,000, though in so far as this leads to a corresponding reduction in the number of houses now built by private enterprise for sale, again there is no additional call on physical resources. The problem is largely administrative and financial.

The social service plan clearly requires to take full account of Labour's new approach to the problems of retirement pensions, and superannuation, sick and unemployment pay. A great deal of work is going on in this field and all that needs to be said here is that the plan will need to provide for more adequate basic pensions, and for an automatic formula relating pensions year by year to the level of wages and national prosperity. What Mr Crossman has called 'staff conditions for all', and the implementation of this idea both by changes in the state social security system and by legislative action establishing minimum standards for industry, should be an integral part of the Four-Year Plan.

When a nation's economic resources are planned as a whole, with the emphasis on real resources, as in wartime or a national development plan, the role of the financial system is essentially subordinate. The duty of the Chancellor is by fiscal and monetary means to take all measures to ensure the fulfilment of the plan.

The Chancellor must plan his Budgets with two main objectives, the plan's fulfilment and the achievement of social justice. As Aneurin Bevan reminded us, we have frequently paid a heavy price as a nation for the fact that while major economic policies and industrial processes take years to mature, our fiscal and financial policy is still related to the timetable of a pastoral society, to the period in which the earth fulfils its allotted journey round the sun. So far as possible, therefore, the Chancellor should try to frame his annual budget by reference to longer periods.

The Budget and the Plan

The Chancellor will, therefore, begin to plan his budget on the basis of known commitments in government expenditure, including administration, the social services (on the expanded basis suggested above), defence, and the special provisions he needs to give as Chancellor to the fulfilment of the plan, particularly in terms of aid to investment in the private and public sectors. Next he must look at the balance of the economy as a whole, on the basis of his estimates of the total call on national resources (including the export surplus) and base his budget strategy on the size of surplus needed to guard against inflation. With consumer demand – and not as hitherto, exports and investment – the residuary legatee, he must then relate his taxes to that strategy.

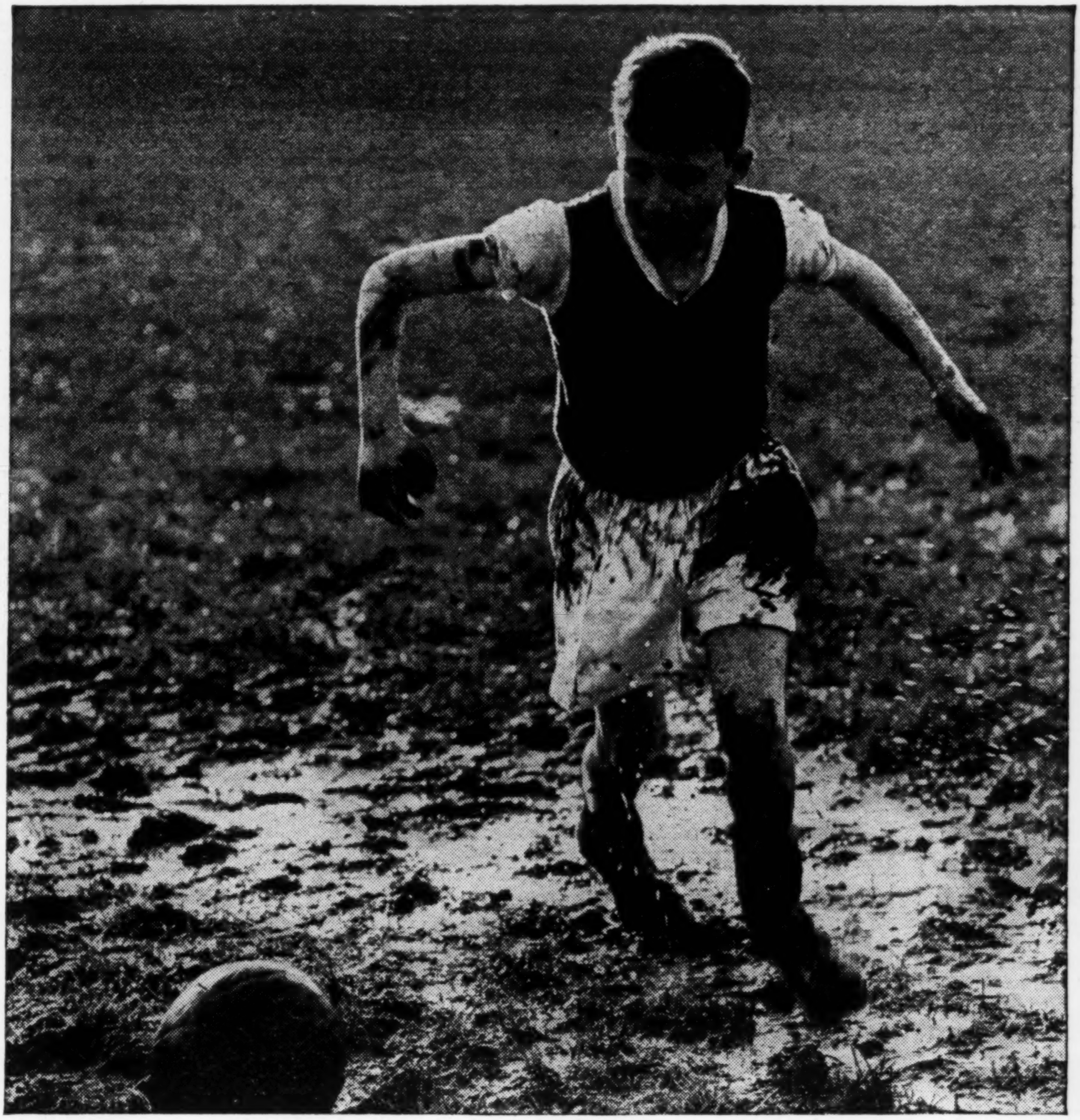
Within that strategy he must make changes – such as those suggested in the section on investment – designed to encourage productive investment. Within that strategy, too, he will need to make the major changes which are necessary in our taxation system if he is to be able to claim that the budget is a real and effective instrument of social justice.

I am not pessimistic about the budgetary implications of the economic and social programme I have outlined. The 'model' plan reproduced above would provide in the fourth year for a total national income some £5,000m above the 1960 level. At existing rates of taxation, government revenue would be automatically raised by some £1,700m, more than is needed by the economic and social investment programmes.

And this makes no allowance for the additional yield resulting from a real drive against tax avoidance, by action to deal with tax-avoidance trusts, by at any rate partial disallowance for tax purposes of business perks and entertainment expenditure, by action designed to make estate duties a reality, by fiscal action to curb excesses in advertising, and by a capital gains tax. The fulfilment of the plan would not over the period require additional net tax burdens, and so far from conflicting with the imperatives of social justice, it could be implemented only by making them a reality.

The field of monetary policy is too wide to enter in any detail. The City of London must be the financial lubricant of the economic machine, not its driver. Clearly there must be a break with the monetary policies of the last ten years, so searchingly analysed by the Radcliffe Committee. Monetary policy will have its part to play, but it will be a secondary part: above all, the futile attempt to regulate the economy by over-reliance on excessive and costly interest-rates will have to go.

I must be frank about this. It will have to be settled once and for all that a government



Won't Mum be pleased!

No doubt she's used to it by now. And, as Dad says, let's encourage the lad, he may be a star one day—even if he does get dirty. Anyway, washdays are not half as much work as they used to be before hot water was on tap and washing machines were invented—and before Shell pioneered modern detergents.

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responsible to a democratic parliament, not an irresponsible speculative Stock Exchange, will provide the motivating force in our economic and industrial life. A return to the differential taxation of distributed dividends, a two-tier interest rate system – providing capital at lower rates for essential national purposes – and the enactment of a capital gains tax will, of course, lead to great changes in our financial practices: other fiscal measures may be needed to redress the balance between genuine investment and speculation in the conduct of our financial institutions.

It is essential, too, to ensure that our resources are not wasted in costly leakages abroad: the national interest must override profit-seeking considerations whether at home or abroad. In the past few years too much capital has gone abroad under the sacred heading of 'overseas investment', much of it unrelated to vital national or international purposes, some of it for frankly speculative reasons. Among other measures it will be necessary to revive the powers of the Capital Issues Committee to regulate private overseas investment, and to remove the special tax concessions given to overseas subsidiaries of British firms.

So far it has been made clear that fulfilment of the national plan must be the test of all major measures in the field of economic and financial policy. The same test must be applied to the decisions a future Labour government will have to take about the extension of public ownership.

The Clause Four controversy a year ago ended with a wide measure of agreement that Labour's social and economic objectives can be achieved only through an expansion of common ownership substantial enough to give the community power over the commanding heights of the economy. The unresolved question is, what are the commanding heights?

In the context of the plan, the commanding heights which should come into public ownership will clearly be those industries, or undertakings, which are required to be publicly-owned if the plan is to be fulfilled. In recent elections the criteria adopted varied; and were not always easy to explain; this happens when you combine the minimum intention with the maximum of provocation.

To relate our proposals for extended public ownership to the fulfilment of a plan designed to restore Britain's place in the world will not only solve the problem of identifying the industries which are, in the real sense, commanding heights; it will make the task of convincing the electorate of their relevance a great deal easier. Instead of our previous defensive and almost apologetic postures we shall be able to show that by our nationalisation policy, and only by that policy, can we carry out a plan essential for Britain's future.

The Labour Party has two years, at most, to resolve its internal problems and appear before the electorate, not only united but resolved on a Socialist policy uniquely relevant to the needs of the Sixties and Seventies. A Four-Year Plan designed to recreate a national sense of purpose, and to ensure continued economic growth and real social justice, will enable us to regain for Labour and for the nation the dynamic we have lost.

ENCOUNTER

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London Diary

CHARON

The most obvious lesson of the trial which has just ended at the Old Bailey is that our security services take the long week-end off. From Friday afternoon onward any moderately capable spy appears to be free to take documents and copy them at his leisure. Provided he returns them by Monday morning early nothing can be done. After the Commander Crabb case, the opposition insisted on a Commons debate – to the grave, but necessary, embarrassment of the government. Once again ministers will doubtless try to cover up, but there really is a case, and a strong one, for an official inquiry.

* * *

The Cabinet, according to the informative flies on the wall who bring me privy reports, is threatened with a rather original type of split. This is the latest development in the Macmillan-Home antagonism. It all began the other day when Mr Macmillan started nicknaming his Foreign Secretary 'Sludge'. This is a reference to the intriguing family connection between the famous Victorian medium, Daniel Dunglas Home (whom Browning celebrated as Sludge the Medium) and the Earl of Home. According to Home the medium – I quote from Jean Burton's *Heyday of a Wizard* – 'his father was an illegitimate son of the tenth Earl, Alexander, and this was not disputed by the family'. Home's mother's maiden name was McNeal; she was a Highland seeress. Home's most famous exploit was, of course, the much disputed feat of levitation which he was supposed to have performed at Number Five, Buckingham Gate in 1868. Witnesses included Lord Adare who claimed to have seen Home float, rigid, in and out of a window 70 feet from the ground. When, the other day, the present Lord Home was slightly late for a Cabinet meeting, the Prime Minister remarked testily: 'I suppose Sludge has lost the way and floated in to the Office of Works.'

Lord Home has been trying to retaliate by nicknaming the Prime Minister 'Lefty' and making play with the old tag, *Waiting for Lefty*. This is a rather involved double-take reference, not so much to Macmillan's political trend as to the history of his publishing house, which Lord Home maintains anticipated Gollancz's Left Book Club by nearly half a century. It is a fact that one of the most sensational best-sellers on the Macmillan list was Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*, which London sold outright for a few hundred pounds. If the portrait of Daniel Dunglas Home at the age of 45 in the possession of the London Spiritualist Alliance is anything to go by, there is a distinct family resemblance between the Foreign Secretary and the medium. The original Sludge, however, was of a markedly more romantic cast of features. He reminds me rather of Cyril Connolly's description of the Foreign Secretary, then Lord Dunglas, at Eton:

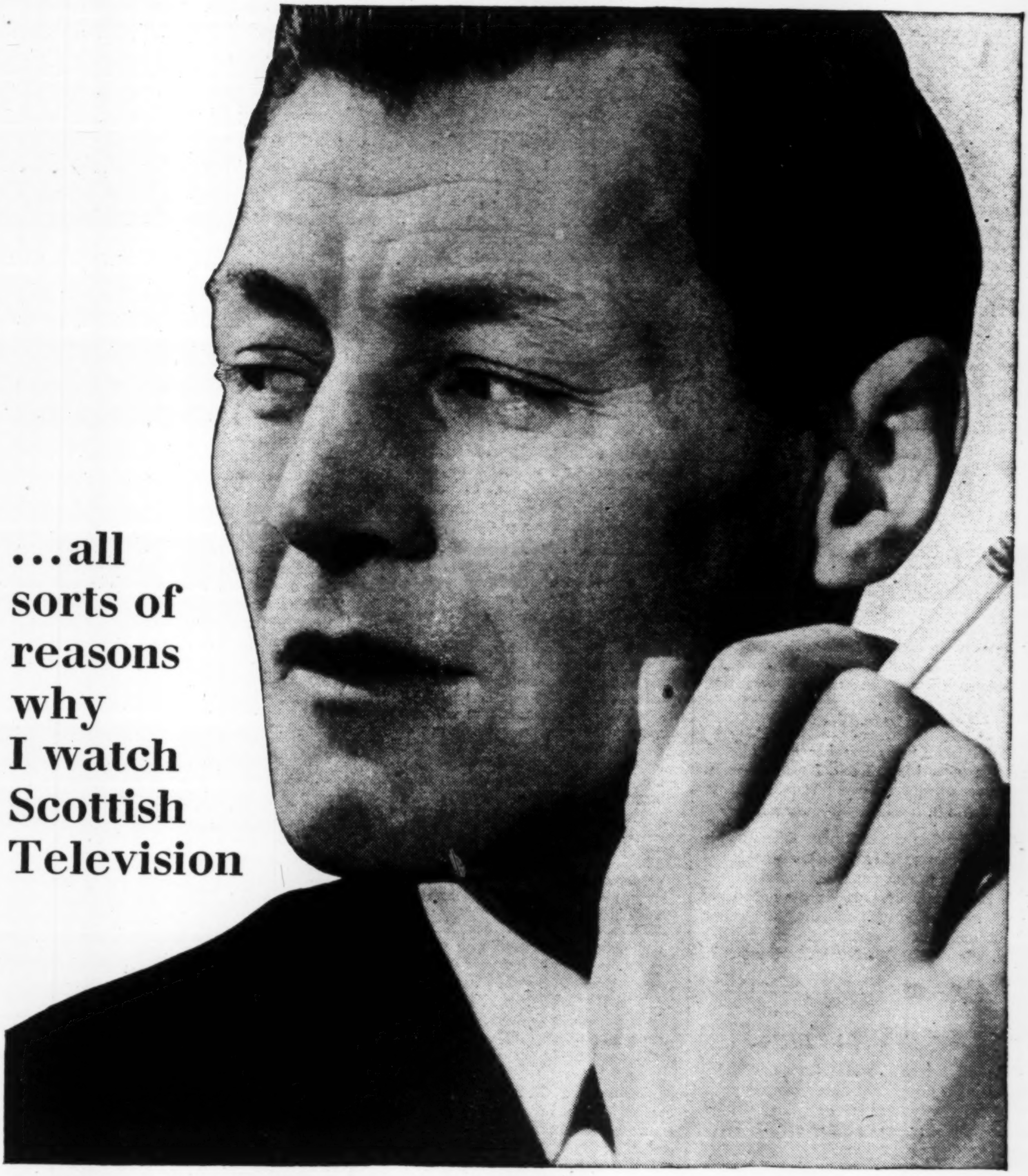
> He was a votary of the esoteric Eton religion, the kind of graceful tolerant, sleepy boy who is showered with favours, and crowned with all the laurels, who is liked by the masters and admired by the boys, without any apparent exertion on his part, without experiencing the ill-effects of success himself, or arousing the pangs of envy in others.

* * *

Anthony Wedgwood Benn's dilemma over the peerage which he is not – not yet, anyway – allowed to renounce takes one back to the case of Edward VIII. Why, if a Sovereign regnant was allowed to abdicate and renounce all his hereditary titles, may not a Peer of the Realm be permitted to do the same? You may remember that when the style of the ex-monarch was being discussed, his brother George VI wisely prevented him becoming plain Mr Windsor on the grounds that there would be nothing to prevent him from standing for parliament and sitting in the House of Commons to the embarrassment of his (brother's) government. Is there not some precedent here? Is there not a case for the constitutional ingenuity of Lord Monckton?

* * *

'I have given careful consideration to the suggestion that Evans should be granted a free pardon. There is no precedent for recommending a posthumous free pardon and the legal powers to do so are doubtful. In any event, a free pardon cannot be granted without a certainty, which is not possible in this case.' Thus in a written answer in the House of Commons last week, Mr Butler stood on its head the 'no reasonable doubt' safeguard of the criminal law. (What, if anything, is an unfree pardon?) He concluded by being unable to agree to the proposal that Evans's remains should be removed from Pentonville prison. The gruesome farce of posthumous rehabilitation, on Russian lines, is one more revolting aspect of capital punishment. The turning point on which Mr Butler based his rejection of the proposal for a further inquiry was 'the claim that a suggestion made by Dr Teare in his evidence in the magistrates' court, would, if true, point to Christie as the murderer of Mrs Evans.' No definite deduction, he thought, about the circumstances in which Mrs Evans met her death could now be drawn from the medical evidence.



...all sorts of reasons why I watch Scottish Television

I like it. I get a lot out of it. Not just from the shows, I like the shows, but the news and what's going on in Scotland and what's happening in the world, all that sort of thing. They say for a Scotsman there's nothing quite the same as Scottish Television. Well, for me that's true. I mean it's a *national* station, isn't it, Scotland's own. I think that's what I like about it best. Somehow it knows what's interesting. Understands our point of view.

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You too can be a consumer

EVERYONE, in the impersonal jargon of economists, is a consumer; but if we for a moment consciously accept the rôle, let us be *critical* consumers, choosing and rejecting.

How is one to do this in a world where the critical faculties are bludgeoned by hard-sell or sedated by soft; in which catering for minority tastes is regarded as an unprofitable bore?

At the risk of being charged with hard, soft or some other kind of sell, I would like to draw your attention to what The Observer is doing about it. It adds up to quite a lot.

One thing that will strike you fairly soon is that The Observer will say what, if anything, is wrong with a product, as well as what is right. This is rather uncommon in the newspaper world, and may involve offending 'the trade'; but if this is a necessary price to pay for independence, The Observer is clearly prepared to pay it.

On your side

For example: you will often find, in The Observer, contributions by Eirlys Roberts, editor of 'Which?', and Elizabeth Gundry, editor of 'Shopper's Guide', reporting the results of their systematic investigations into the value-for-money of goods of all kinds. Patience Gray is another, and more regular, shopper's friend; and Syllabub's column, "In the Kitchen", is fertile with suggestions for transcending the limits of the mass food market.

Pierre d'Harcourt, blazing holiday trails for the adventurous, does not pretend that every resort is unalloyed bliss. Katharine Whitehorn, a fashion writer witty enough to be enjoyed by men, is distinctly candid. Dr. Abraham Marcus reviews patent medicines with a sometimes disconcerting frankness. And Dinah Brooke writes about Education from a position shoulder to shoulder with parents.

The point is that in face of big business or officialdom The Observer is *on your side*. It's rather nice to have it there. J.B.L.

Oxford, curiously enough, is the scene of what was, allegedly at any rate, perhaps the only really successful example of posthumous rehabilitation in our history. I cannot put my finger on the exact details, but I think they are to be found somewhere in the history of the Oxford Medical School. In the late 17th century an unfortunate girl named Mary Greene was found guilty of some trumpery theft and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was carried out, but members of the Oxford School of Anatomy snatched the corpse from the noose and, nobly restraining their passion for dissection, applied artificial respiration. Mary Greene was revived and became a kind of mascot of the Anatomy School. I suppose that Warden Sparrow, with his strict views on capital punishment, would consider this an immoral story.

* * *

The pillow book of Mao Tse-Tung. For the third instalment of our intermittent serial compiled from the Red Emperor's writings I am offering you an interesting sidelight on Mao's emotional development. His views on love are fairly well known and can be summed up in his conclusion: 'There has not been any such all-embracing love of mankind since the division of mankind into classes.' More intriguing, perhaps, is his attitude to the workers:

> I used to feel it undignified to do any manual labour, such as shouldering my own luggage. At that time it seemed to me that the intellectuals were the only clean persons in the world, and the workers and peasants seemed rather dirty beside them. I could put on the clothes of other intellectuals because I thought they were clean, but I would not put on clothes belonging to a worker or peasant because I felt they were dirty. Having become a revolutionary I found myself in the same ranks as the workers, peasants and soldiers of the revolutionary army, and gradually I became familiar with them and they with me too. It was then and only then that a fundamental change occurred in the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois feelings implanted in me by the bourgeois schools. I came to feel that it was those unremoulded intellectuals who were unclean as compared with the workers and peasants, while the workers and peasants are after all the cleanest persons, cleaner than both bourgeois and the petty-bourgeois intellectuals, even though their hands are soiled and their feet smeared with cow dung. This is what is meant by having one's feelings transformed, changed from those of one class into those of another.

* * *

You might think the Star Chamber really had gone with the wind of change in the 17th century. Yet a London vicar is cited before the Southwark Consistory Court under the Clergy Discipline Act of 1892 on charges which are not precisely defined. The Chancellor of the Diocese sits alone without assessors. There is no jury. If found guilty, the defendant is sentenced by the bishop, who is also formal accuser and prosecutor. The standard of clerical liberties would seem to be lower than that of civil liberties.

* * *

The talk turned in zoological company the other day on atrocities of which there have been, perhaps inevitably, not a few in the Zoo's history. (One was the shooting of Cholmondeley the chimpanzee escapologist.) I was told this dreadful story from the annals of a Berlin circus: many years ago, an aged German tycoon came to the proprietor and said he wanted to shoot an elephant before he died. The proprietor had a very old elephant, almost moribund. He suggested the tycoon should shoot him. At the last moment the tycoon changed his mind and said he wished to have the elephant hanged. Expense was no object. Almost the entire circus staff was called out to arrange the unfortunate beast's execution. There is something curiously German – German at its worst – about this story. This particular circus proprietor and his staff were renowned for the excellent care they took of their animals. They would never have dreamt of hanging a *young* elephant, even if Krupp had offered them a million.

* * *

But the Germans have no monopoly of an ambivalent attitude towards animals. Landseer was an outstanding exemplar here. He expresses the Victorian reaction, compounded of sentimentality and cruelty. 'Dignity and Impudence' was a favourite nursery print. So was the savage and brilliant 'The Cat's Paw', in which a greedy monkey is thrusting the paw of an agonised cat on to a hot stove. You can see them both in the Landseer exhibition at Burlington House. The artist himself was a big, violent man, passionately addicted to blood sports. He liked the society of dukes and still more their wives. Towards the end of his life he took to drink and went insane. He wandered from one ducal palace to another, accompanied by a medical guard and an odd harpy called Mrs Pritchard. One of his last calls was on the Duchess of Abercorn who, ill with bronchitis, received him in her bedroom. Landseer thanked her profusely for the pleasure his visit had given him, adding: 'Will you allow an old friend of over 50 years' standing to take a very great liberty?'

'Certainly, Lanny', said the Duchess, thinking he wanted to kiss her.

'Thank you', said Landseer and promptly sat on her chest. Unable to breathe, the Duchess would undoubtedly have died had not Mrs Pritchard, who was watching events through the keyhole, darted into the room and rescued her.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As one twenty-year-old student, Don Gunn, told me: 'I don't worry about politics, mate. I have a good time – the pub in the evenings or a bit of rock 'n' roll. I did join the CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) but that was because the chances of sex were higher.' – *Today*. (Stephen Morris.)

Let the following fact to South Africa's credit be remembered. In South Africa the black races have been treated so well – I emphasise, so well – that in the last 120 years they have increased from 2½m. to 9m. (and very fine physical specimens many of them are). – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Thomas Mackay.)

When my twins were small, I very often occupied their play-pen when doing needlework and mending. In this way I obtained isolated peace, and the twins had more space in the room to use up their energies. – Letter in *Sunday Express*. (D. Ellis.)

Bachelor vicar the Rev John Hasted, of Bulkington, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, said yesterday that in future he will refuse to marry couples who are more than five minutes late at the church. He said: 'It is not only inconvenient for me but also a grave discourtesy to God.' – *Sunday Express*. (H. M. Yuille.)

Portrait of a Killer

RICHARD BENNETT

One night in March 1921, two masked men called, successively, at the houses of the Lord Mayor of Limerick, George Clancy, and the ex-Lord Mayor, George O'Callaghan, and shot them dead as in each case they opened the door to their assassins. Limerick was under a curfew at that time, and the assailants were able to slip away unobserved through the deserted streets. This crime, like many others of the kind, caused an outcry of horror in both Britain and Ireland. But were the murderers British or Irish gunmen? There was reason for doubt.

1921 was one of the saddest years in the history of Anglo-Ireland. Two events, in particular, at the end of 1920 had set the pace. Fourteen British officers had been murdered in their beds in Dublin by gunmen of the Irish Republican Army on a Sunday morning in November, and a maddened and drunken company of Auxiliaries, an elite corps of officers of the 1914-18 war, had retaliated by setting the centre of Cork alight in December. Murder and counter-murder, ambush and reprisal, were commonplace in many parts of the South and West during the first few weeks of the New Year.

But Limerick had been relatively quiet. Not a shot had been fired for over a month by either side. Both Clancy and O'Callaghan had been co-operating with a number of priests in maintaining order and preventing outrage in Limerick. IRA Headquarters were known to be dissatisfied with this quiescence. It seemed possible to believe that the two men had been killed by the IRA; but the identity of the murderers remained a mystery.

A book entitled *The Black and Tans* published nearly two years ago made it possible to re-open the inquiry. It provided no solution to the murders, but it flushed a valuable witness – an ex-Auxiliary officer, who claimed to know the exact circumstances of the murders and whom I recently visited. He turns out to be an elderly comfortable-looking gentleman, rosy and cheerfully extrovert. A man called George Nathan, he said, was the murderer. He belonged to an organisation known as 'The Dublin Castle Murder Gang', who combined the duties of intelligence officers and gunmen.

Nathan, I was told, came down to the Auxiliary mess at Killaloe, a few miles from Limerick, and said he had a job to do that night. He then suggested to my old gentleman that they should drive together into Limerick, have dinner at Kidds and go on from there. In the end it was another officer from the Auxiliary company at Killaloe who went with Nathan. They came back to the mess at six o'clock the next morning, 'boozed up and looking like death.' Nathan told the Auxiliaries at breakfast – to their horror – that he had killed Clancy and O'Callaghan.

What sort of man, I asked, was Nathan? Extraordinary – and could be an absolute charmer. An ex-Guards officer. Carried himself with terrific panache. A roaring homosexual. He seemed to be absolutely fearless. He knew he must be a marked man, but it never seemed to worry him. The ex-Auxiliary had seen him on and off, after they left Ireland, when they both went through a pretty thin time, but had lost touch with him a few years before the Second World War. He felt certain that he was dead. This information seemed to be conclusive, but could it be corroborated? If Nathan was out of circulation, what about the accessory? The witness knew his name, but no more.

A search for Nathan's companion through old army lists and regimental associations produced no result. He was either dead or lost without trace. Then suddenly, a week or so ago, I ran him to earth. He was the wreck of a fine Irishman. (Many Irish officers served in the Auxiliaries.) His tiny Bayswater bed-sitting room was almost filled by the bed on which lay an open copy of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. He seemed older than his 75 years, and was crippled with arthritis. His memory was spasmodic. He had 'never heard of' the murder of the two mayors of Limerick. It had never happened, or he would have heard of it. It sounded like 'Shinner' (Sinn Fein) propaganda.

Deadlock. Had a Colonel Andrews been his commanding officer? This name unlocked his memory. Andrews was a wonderful man. He had fought in Mexico, France, Russia and God knows where, and had won the DSO, Croix de Guerre, Grand Cross of St Michael and all that. He put the fear of God into the Shinners. Andrews once drove up to the church as the congregation was coming out of Mass. The Auxiliaries corralled the men in a corner of the churchyard and Colonel Andrews let fly: 'Men of Killaloe. I know you *all* now. I know which of you have been sheltering the IRA murderers from the hills. And, by God, if you do it again, I'll shoot you like dogs. And if any of my gentlemen is killed, I'll shoot five of you. And for the second, I'll shoot ten and so on. And you know I am not afraid to do it.' That was the sort of language the Shinner understood.

In the long afternoon talk, the old boy

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recalled days with the ADRIC (Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary) in a wandering monologue which faltered and stopped for minutes at a time: raids and sweeps over the countryside: the night they burned 16 farms after the ambush of a divisional inspector of the RIC; the slaughter of four young Irish volunteers after the death of an RIC constable; the time they set about the priest's wine cellar. It was a dismal record of violence and lawlessness, for which there appeared to be no tinge of regret.

All of a sudden he remembered Nathan – 'Typical Jew-boy, but very well spoken.' He never liked him. Nathan had picked him up one night at Kidds to go on a raid, as he said. But they had knocked off a couple of Shinners instead. No, he hadn't shot either of them himself. He had no stomach for that kind of job. Nathan was a bit green about the gills afterwards. They went and had a skinful to wash the taste away. There was quite a fuss about it, he seemed to remember.

The case of the murder of the mayors of Limerick was closed. But what had happened to George Nathan? His physical description, his bearing, his past military service, his notorious homosexual habits known to everyone acquainted with him in Ireland and afterwards, point to a man of the same name and character who played a much more creditable part in another encounter with rebels, 15 years later. A photograph of him in his Dublin Castle days, lent by an old IRA intelligence officer who had been after him, clinched the identity; and two short quotations from a forthcoming book, *The Spanish Civil War* by Hugh Thomas, can, with the author's permission, conclude this report:

> The British Company [of the International Brigade] was commanded by Captain George Nathan, who having risen to the rank of CSM in the First World War, became in 1918 the only Jewish officer in the Brigade of Guards . . . . In Spain, where he invariably appeared immaculately dressed, his boots being polished to the point of dazzlement by one or other of his invariably good-looking batmen, he genuinely found himself a mercenary leader – resourceful, brave as a lion, and respected by all. The very sight of Nathan with his gold-tipped swagger-stick, was an encouragement to his men.

Some of these men were Irishmen who had fought with the IRA. George Nathan, whose gallantry became almost legendary, was killed in the battle of Brunete in July 1937. 'In his last moments,' Hugh Thomas wrote, 'he ordered those around him to sing him out of life. At nightfall he was buried in a rough coffin beneath the olive trees near the River Guadarrama.'

A strange ending for a strange man. Some unanswerable questions remain. What was the ex-member of the Dublin Castle Murder Gang doing in the International Brigade? Expiating his past? Or, like many another, just playing a part to death?

Correspondence

THE GREAT DRUG RACKET

SIR, – Assessment of the national drug bill cannot be undertaken on the basis of a static situation. The increased costs of the last decade have to be set against the increased and valid use of the Health Service, the increased complexity of the newer synthetic drugs and a very real widening of the range of therapeutic usefulness of these drugs.

Within this framework your conclusions on the drug racket are accurate though incomplete. Profits and publicity are set against the benefits of research. Jewkes, in the context of general scientific invention, found the major discoveries of our era derived most usually from the solitary worker or the small group with a bright idea rather than the functional unit within a large commercial organisation.

A similar situation holds in the pharmaceutical and therapeutic fields as evidenced by the discoveries of penicillin, insulin, the corticoids and the liver treatment of pernicious anaemia or, in lesser fields, the use of anti-malarials in rheumatoid arthritis, the tablets available for some diabetes and many other new drugs. Each of these discoveries has led to an industry, often a major industry.

While there are other advances which have, in the absence of information to the contrary, originated in the commercial laboratory, the energies of such laboratories would appear to be largely directed to the normal processes of commercial development, minor variants of doubtful therapeutic but considerable 'patent-evading' value and the compounding of elegant mixtures of well-known drugs.

The advertising in the drug trade has already come under attack. A truly reliable estimate of the cost in the country is not available, but a figure of the order of ten million pounds per annum has been suggested. This presumably includes not only the glossy hundredweight or so annually reaching most doctors' waste-paper baskets but also the free lunches, the golf balls and other gimmicks and 'trips to visit the factory'. These expenses, accounted for before estimation of profits, are justified on the grounds of dissemination of information, a function formerly covered adequately by professional journals.

Certain solutions present themselves. Nationalisation has been proposed, with increased grants to such bodies as the Medical Research Council. Here, in the last analysis, the solution will be accepted or rejected on primarily unarguable doctrinaire grounds.

Secondly, an increase in bulk purchase by the Ministry of Health on the best available market is possible in parallel with the local arrangements to which you have referred. This would involve taking advantage of the prerogatives of the Crown acknowledged to exist by the permanent secretary of the Ministry before the Select Committee on Public Expenditure and subsequently by the Minister of Health (Hansard 30 January 1961).

By exercise of the various legal rights the Crown, as purchaser, could exempt itself under the terms of the Patents Act from much of the cost arising from patent and licensing restrictions which add considerably to the cost of modern drugs. Distribution to the Hospital Service of such bulk purchase material presents few difficulties but the major retail supply would be more complex to arrange. Both wholesalers and retailers increase their profits with increased costs.

The third solution would involve the varying of the absolute responsibility of the pharmicist to prescribe the exact preparation named in a prescription. The new pain-relieving drug Paracetamol for example, is available in a number of equally satisfactory preparations at prices varying by up to a quarter. Non-proprietary drugs exist in some cases at very considerable reduction in price below that of the proprietary equivalent. By analogy, the non-medical customer may purchase aspirin at 25 for a shilling or, trade-named in pink paper, at 2d. each. While retaining the right of doctors, perhaps by endorsement of prescription as 'actual', to order a specific preparation, the Ministry could relieve itself of considerable expense by legislation to permit an accepted substitute of an equivalent value and at lesser cost.

MRCP

SIR, – I wrote originally (in your issue of 3 March) to point out that profits of many pharmaceutical companies *were* available. Cyanamid of Great Britain Ltd was one company mentioned and Mr Williams, its managing director, last week released some more figures – as his firm has also done in press advertising.

Fine. That is what is needed. Only let us have all the facts, not just a few thrown out as rhetorical pebbles. The Beecham Group sets an example: it publishes total retail sales figures for each of its main sections (Food etc., Toilet Products, Medicinal Products) for home and overseas and with a break-down of costs (including advertising) for home and overseas markets. 'Capital Employed' might be added (with any qualifications needed: the relationship of parent and subsidiary is of considerable interest – both ways). Incidentally, the comparison of profit with capital employed is not an evil device thought up by us; it is one used by Stock Exchange commentators and, by the Controller and Auditor General (Report to the Civil Appropriation Accounts 1958-9, pub-

W & C

writers and critics

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lished early in 1960), who says of the pharmaceutical firms:

> that the profits of these companies, expressed as percentages of capital employed, had been above those of general industry throughout the period examined and had lately tended to increase whereas the rate for general industry had been falling . . . It was noticeable that the profit rates of the British subsidiaries of American concerns had consistently been much higher than those of general industry.

With economic opinion as mature as it is now and the Health Service financed as it is, is it too much to ask that an example should be set of providing full data?

D. J. F. Parsons
Secretary

Labour Research Department
161 Drury Lane, WC2

TOMORROW'S UNIVERSITIES

Sir, – Mr Bird of Jesus College and Mr Gwyn Morgan perhaps may not possess English as a mother tongue. I pooh-poohed an apparent claim to *exercise powers*. I wrote nothing about *consultations of students*. Mr Bird in particular must get a livelier don to explain the hard facts of life outside Oxford. Colleges like this one may have proposals for extraordinary expenditure of up to £2 million during a quinquennium. A commercial firm with a comparable programme of expansion would hardly appoint one of its three-year trainees to the board of directors to ensure the smooth working of the plan. Students ought by right to be able to state their own priorities and ask for explanations, while a college ought as a duty to consider students' views.

Let Mr Bird disentangle this aspect of the question from all the other problems. What the froth in his letter about his or my alleged views on education amounts to I am at a loss to discover. Perhaps he is rattled by a local Oxford problem. As a teacher in a college situated more or less on the site of Wat Tyler's camp I feel a historic call to listen to the plebs, but this does not mean that I will concede to students the right to set and mark their own examination papers.

R. F. Leslie

Queen Mary College
Mile End Road, E1

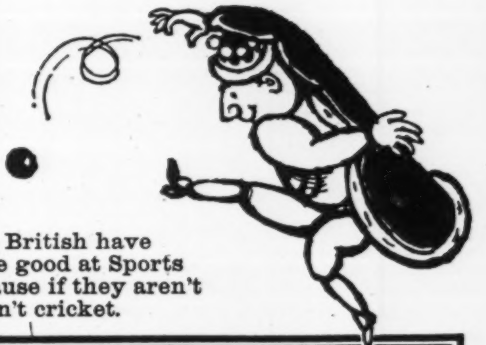
Sir, – May I make a comment about the 'Universities for Tomorrow' which has not been made so far, if I am right. There have been a good many opinions expressed, some of which I agree with and some not; that does not matter. What I think does matter is that these opinions are aired with a good deal of confidence, some of them about research; but none of them has been tested under research conditions, as far as I know.

Take Dr Leslie's opinions (can he really be as pompous as he sounds?); he pours scorn on the idea of students participating in the running of their colleges. But that is exactly what happens at Birkbeck College, and what a nice place it is. Another of Dr Leslie's opinions concerns the planning of studies, and he seems to think highly of London University in this respect. He does not say a word about the interaction between staff and students. In this respect, London (with notable exceptions: for example, the Slade School, LSE and Birkbeck) is only a university for its postgraduate students.

Professor Armytage is another who falls down on interaction. He complains that Keele and Brighton are disengaged from their environment, but it is at the universities like Sheffield that the staff are disengaged from the students. And at Sheffield at least there is not much in the town for the students to be engaged in. Brighton is much more stimulating.

However that may be, who is right, Professor Briggs or Professor Armytage? They both may be wrong. What would they say to

LESSON 1



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THE ETON WALL GAME is a Public School sport, it is played with a pancake in a muddy field.

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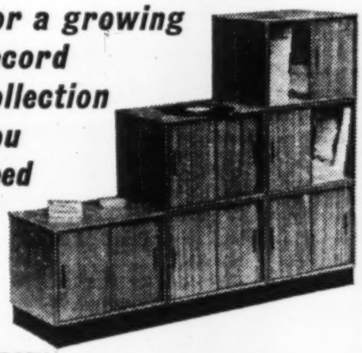

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their views being put into the form of testable hypotheses, and then tested. If it is thought to be important that university buildings should be designed on the basis of research findings (it is not, very often), surely the human organisation should have a firmer foundation than mere opinions, however inspired.

POST-GRADUATE STUDENT

London

THE LONDON EXPLOSION

SIR, – There seems some confusion in your article 'The London Explosion'. It was uncontrolled *prewar* expansion which led to the 'overspill' measures and Greater London planning. As you say, it was sensible to decant people out of the conurbation: the trouble is that they did not go far enough. It is the bad siting of the New Towns that constitutes the real problem now. In Hertfordshire, for instance, the population increased from 1951-1959 by 28.6 per cent but about a half of this was due to the expansion of its four New Towns. However, the population of the London conurbation (as defined in the 1951 census) decreased during the period. It is only when the south-east, southern and eastern regions are added that the rate of population increase exceeds that of England and Wales (3.7 per cent).

The urban ring round London is indeed increasing at a rapid rate but nevertheless the population of the rural district in which I live, although 'within the built-up mass . . . from Royston to Sevenoaks' is barely managing to maintain its 1951 total and from 1921-1951 there was an increase of but 23 commuters to London! In Herts anyway much of the congestion is due to the spilt towns so joyously welcomed by some when designated, and so it is hypocritical for them to cry now.

Indeed, I am engaged in research which is suggesting that commuting to London may be declining proportionately to commuting to the centres within Herts.

By all means let us have regional planning but it is essential that this is based on facts and not on repetition of clichés.

R. E. PAHL

Buntingford, Herts

ST PAUL AND WOMEN

SIR, – Some weeks ago, in your columns, I charged St Paul as being anti-feminine and anti-sex. This was challenged. It was with some interest, therefore, that I turned up the relevant passages in *The New English Bible*. And I found as the new translation of the second half of I Corinthians, 7: 'It is a good thing for a man to have nothing to do with women'. So now we know.

JAMES HEMMING

31 Broom Water
Teddington, Middx

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON

SIR, – Why does Charon call Budleigh Salterton 'improbable'? I was not born there, as he was, but its graveyard is well-peppered with my relations and much of my childhood legend grew around this solid, orthodox little town. Where, O Charon of Budleigh Salterton, will you find reality more consistently equated to hard cash than in your native town? Where else is business more squarely and nakedly business, or where is a clever deal, based on an almost Norman legality, more reverently admired, even when the deal harms a boyhood friend or a lifelong fellow-drinker?

The retired soldiers are indeed still present but no longer in the belligerent phalanxes of my childhood. It is, alas!, no longer true that soldiers below field rank must enter the town secretly by night and by way of Otterton Park. The 'improbable' days of before the bombardment (two bombs, one on the church, the other on the stable buildings of the nearby inn) died with it in 1944. Far from being a 'fantastic' place (although an hour spent in the Feathers or the King Billy may reveal an engaging clutch of oddities), Budleigh Salterton is the home of astute, simple-seeming businessmen, grimly probable, solidly possible, immune from fantasy.

Nothing, Sir, is improbable or fantastic about Budleigh Salterton except the amount of money its inhabitants make and keep and the age to which they live. Except perhaps their skill in hiding both their wealth and their age.

KENNETH MACGOWAN

10 Wincanton Road
Romford

MASS-PRODUCED MEDICINE

SIR, – I too have recently undergone an ear, nose and throat examination by a specialist, which led among other things to an X-ray, to the rocketing of warm salt-water around a lymphatic circuit and to the prescription of anti-histamine tablets. But I was luckier than Alfred Ruben.

Each of three consultations and the X-ray took place within ten minutes of the appointed time; the doctor explained clearly (with diagrams) exactly what was wrong and what would be done; the form-filling was short and to the point; there was always somewhere to put my coat; the nurses were friendly, even to the point of holding my hand during a very minor operation; the only charge was 2s for two bottles of pills.

For this, I am glad to say, is how a large and busy London hospital treats an ordinary NHS out-patient referred to it by a family doctor.

JENNIFER FORSYTH

51 Abingdon Road
London, W8

IRRATIONAL MAN

SIR, – In his review of my book, *Irrational Man* (17 February), Mr Alasdair MacIntyre concludes: 'It is sad that Mr Barrett's book has to be attacked. Its merits are very great.' I doubt whether any reader could gather from Mr MacIntyre's review the least idea of what those 'very great' merits could be, or indeed that the book had any merit at all. I am equally in doubt about the sense of some of the demerits he scores against the book.

For example, I am taxed with not having read Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique,* which appeared two years after the publication of my book! Apparently, this book would change everything. Not at all. I would change nothing in the pages I have written on Sartre, which describes polemics between him and the French Communists at an earlier period. On matters of philosophy, these polemics were quite bitter. They are on the record, and Mr MacIntyre could look them up.

I detect that my references to Marxism are what really touch Mr MacIntyre's most sensitive nerve and provoke the peculiar animus of his review. It should be clear from my book that by Marxism I understand the congealed orthodoxy that now, in Marx's name, alas, wields or seeks political power. I distinguish between Marx and Marxism. Mr MacIntyre does not. If I may ape his own graceless ploy: 'apparently he has never heard of' Marx's saying, 'I am not a Marxist.'

Specifically, Mr Lukacs is cited against me as an expert on Goethe who has destroyed once and for all 'the neat opposition of reason and the passions,' which, according to Mr MacIntyre, I urge. Mr MacIntyre must have skipped my chapter on Heidegger, the central point of which is that this neat dualism of rational-irrational has to be superseded.

The same kind of distortion is turned against me on the subject of Hegel. It seems I have wronged Hegel very gravely by treating him as a 'rationalist metaphysician'? Does Mr MacIntyre really believe that Hegel was not a 'rationalist metaphysician'? If so, he has very startling news for the learned world, and either it or he will have to be re-educated.

It is the middle section of the review that comes out most messy and confused. Mr MacIntyre begins by saying that I have given 'classic form' to a 'plausible error'. This error is never defined; instead, he releases a barrage of incoherent accusations. I am accused of taking a wholly negative view of the Enlightenment. Mr MacIntyre seems not to have read his own quotation from me a sentence before this accusation, in which sentence I make it quite clear that I am talking about the *ideology* of the Enlightenment. Does he not distinguish between an historical event and the ideology, or ideologies, that may accompany it? I should have imagined he knew his Marx better than that. I make quite clear in my book that I consider the Enlightenment one of the very great chapters in human history.

Next, I am at fault for using the label 'Existentialism'. I did not invent this label; but it has entrenched itself so strongly that, whatever one's dissatisfaction, one must make do with it. The term covers a loose confederation of philosophers and philosophic tendencies, and in my book I go to considerable lengths to make clear this individual diversity. That in my presentation of them the specific differences between Kierkegaard and Sartre – of all people! – become 'generalised away', is the irresponsible accusation of a critic reaching for anything to say.

Mr MacIntyre is sure – he seems even to arrogate to himself the ability to contact the dead – that Kierkegaard would disown me because I am a professor. May I remind him that Kierkegaard has also some very uncomplimentary things to say about *Privatdocents*?

WILLIAM BARRETT

New York

This letter has been shortened for reasons of space.

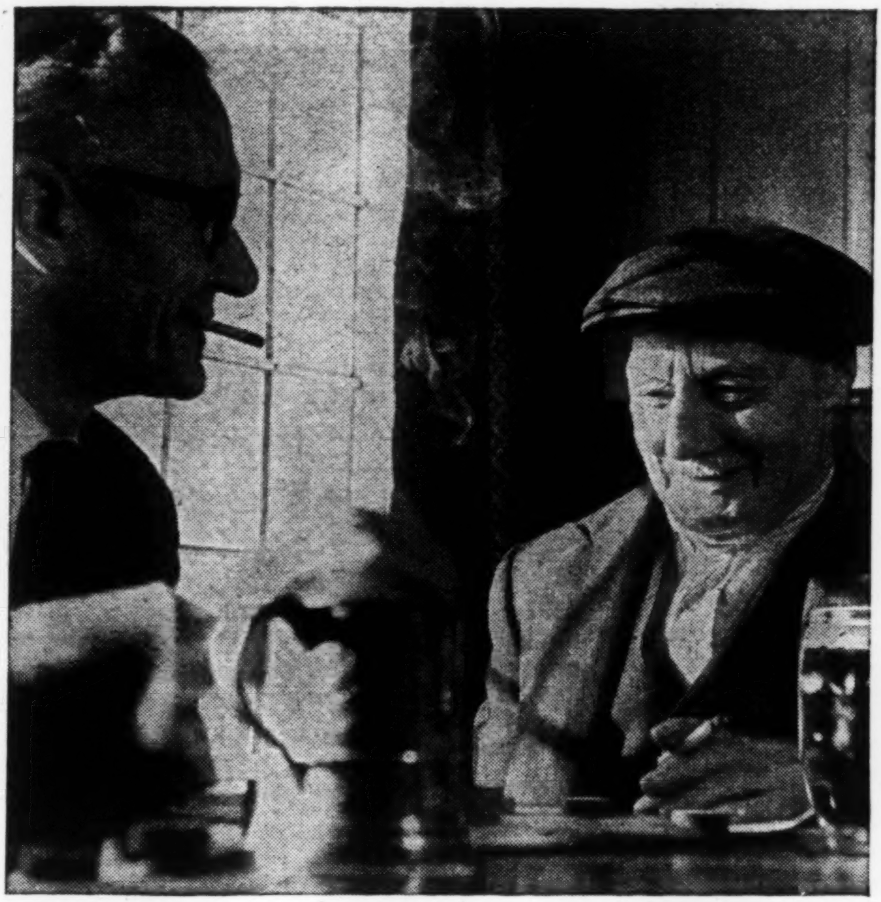
[ALASDAIR MACINTYRE *writes*: Mr Barrett's letter is about as accurate in relation to my review as his book was in relation to some of the authors upon whom he commented. I can only reiterate: (1) Hegel was not a rationalist metaphysician, in the sense that, for example, Leibniz was; (2) one cannot discuss Sartre's relation to Marxism adequately without discussing Lukacs; (3) the Enlightenment and Romanticism stand in a different relation from that which Mr Barrett conceives to hold between them. Of course Kierkegaard would have disliked me too, but perhaps for better reasons than Mr Barrett, for whom I am too much of a Marxist in his third paragraph and too little of one in his sixth paragraph. I hope that anybody inclined to take Mr Barrett too seriously will read what he has written. Mr Barrett may not think it his chief merit or even a merit at all, that he has written clearly enough to be found out. I do.]

ELLA PYCROFT

SIR, – We are currently engaged on research into the history of a block of dwellings in Whitechapel which were managed for some time in the late 1880's by Miss Beatrice Potter (later Mrs Beatrice Webb) and Miss Ella Pycroft. We are most anxious to trace any information concerning Miss Pycroft and would be glad to hear from any of your readers who could help us. All we know is that she was the daughter of a Devonshire physician, and that, on leaving Whitechapel in 1890, she spent a year at the Cambridge Training College for Teachers, and was then from 1893 to 1904 Chief Organiser of Domestic Economy subjects under the Technical Education Board of the LCC.

PETER TOWNSEND
BRIAN REES

Skepper House
13 Endsleigh Street, WC1



Happy days, Dad

It's quiet and calm to be eighty and in your own corner of the pub on Saturday morning. There's your pint of mild-and-bitter–familiar sight, familiar taste, you've had how many thousand in your time? And the draughtboard–same pattern of Kings and men, over and over. That young fellow playing you *may* be clever one day . . . Well, drink up! There's a lot of noise–cheerful noise: laughter, glasses clinking, darts going plunk. Ah, the pubs you've known, the pubs of a long long life. And the beer, the lovely beer!

Beer,
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A delegation of French Church Leaders visited the Camps and were horrified at the conditions they found. Naked children prostrate on the ground suffering from fever. No medicines were available. Some attempts have been made in recent months to improve conditions but many will die unless we can rush immediate supplies to them.

It is not for us to concern ourselves with the political issue. All we know is that tiny children and innocent people are again the victims of war. They have not the means to plead so we must ask for your help in their name.

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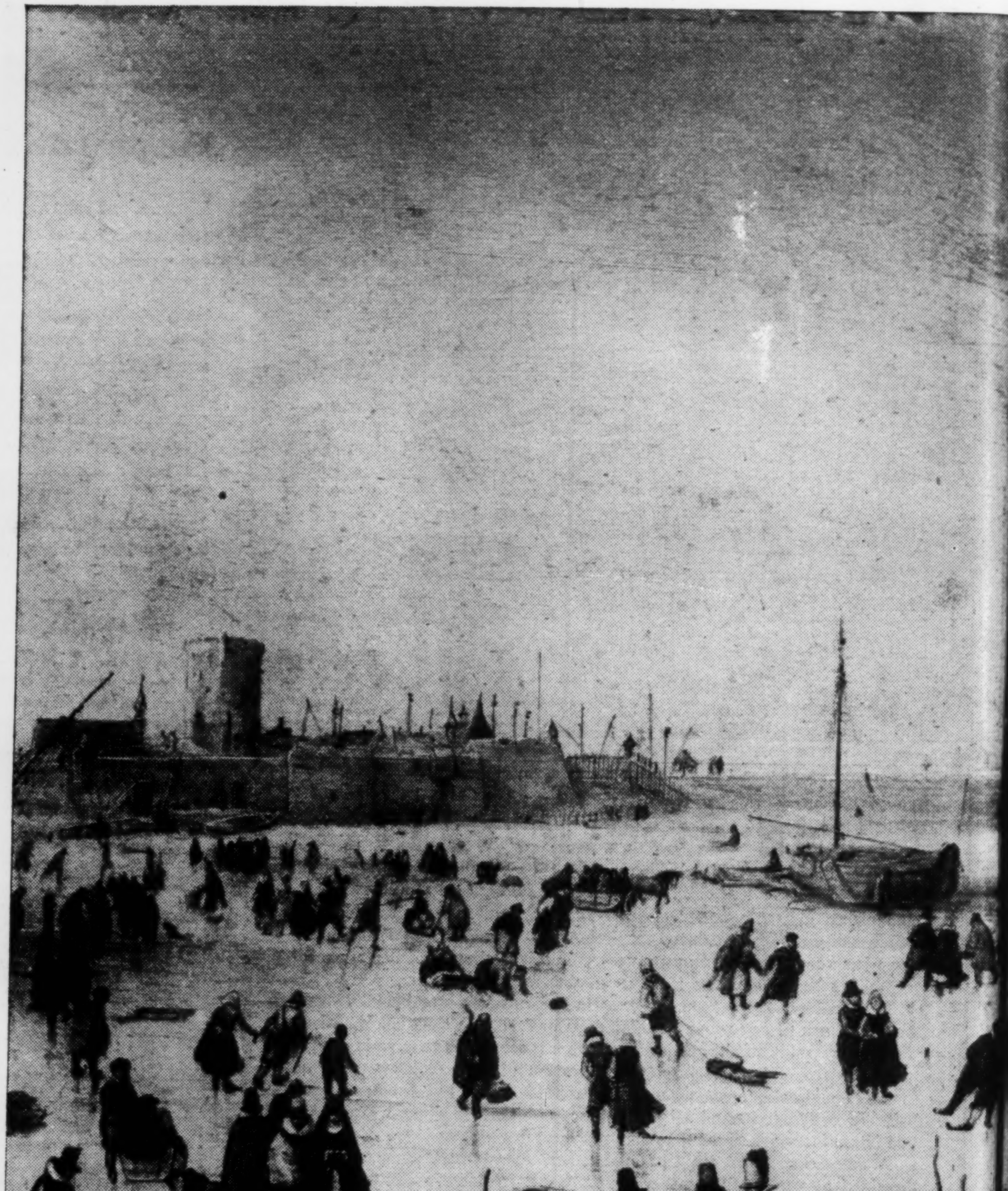

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Mean Time

V. S. PRITCHETT

Who reads the poems of John Davidson now? There is 'In Romney Marsh', a swift piece of descriptive elation, as true as the note of a tuning fork to the ear. There is 'Thirty Bob a Week.' There is 'The Runnable Stag' which, as a ballad, is as good as any Assyrian coming down like a wolf on the fold. A poet of sound, more dramatic and spirited than furious – what does he signify? Is there anything? We know of him now as a *Yellow Book* poet, a tussler with Yeats, a protégé of Shaw's. There are echoes of Kipling and Housman. Harassed by illness, lightness of inspiration and the insufficiency of the Civil List, Davidson had a constitutional shortness of breath, yet laboured at an epic; committed suicide in 1909.

He is a sad prickly figure whom Gissing might have recorded, one of those penniless writers born at the wrong time in awkward circumstances and whose only hope is that justice will be done to them when it is too late. This perception angered him but, despite his truculence and eventual megalomania, he made his tragic decision 'to rejoice unconscious matter' stoically and, one might guess, on principle.

His atheism was aggressive. Now he has his justice. A selection of his poems, prefaced surprisingly by T. S. Eliot and Hugh McDiarmid, has been done by another Lallan poet, Maurice Lindsay. Davidson is now reclaimed as one of the first Scots to write urban poetry and T. S. Eliot says that the poet's 'Thirty Bob a Week' showed him how to write poetry in a colloquial idiom. He is something of a London Bridge character from *The Waste Land*:

> I aint blaspheming Mr Silver-Tongue
> I'm saying things a bit beyond your art:
> Of all the rummy starts you ever sprung
> Thirty bob a week's the rummiest start!
> With your science and your books and
> you the'ries about spooks,
> Did you ever hear of looking in your
> heart?
>
> I didn't mean your pocket, Mr, no:
> I mean that having children and a wife,
> With thirty bob on which to come and go,
> Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife;
> When it doesn't make you drink, by
> Heaven! it makes you think,
> And notice curious items about life.

That reads like Kipling; but at the back of it is something that Kipling did not have – the sense that 'death had undone so many'.

In Davidson's time romantic London was worn out. A bricked-in sadness, pathos, glumness and lethargy enter London literature. The city is claustrophic, mean, even mingy. The newspapers say the future is nasty. The unemployed don't care for the present. Naturalism has come in but has lost Zola's obsessional force in the Channel crossing. There are tales of mean streets and third-floor-backs; there is 'dreadful night'; Gissing's characters are sinking, poverty has stiffened into humble gentility after slaving a lifetime to prevent itself from going over to starvation. The little man hardly dare breathe. He has perhaps just begun nervously to poke his head out of the door, but as he puffs out his chest with pride, there is a tear in his eye and he is ten shillings short at the end of the week. To speak of having a head 'bloody but unbowed' about *that*, is rather going it. It will be 1910 before Kipps the counter-jumper jumps for good.

Even when it is merry in this period, life is full of little ironies, not big ones; low comedy in Jacobs or Jerome has the shade of the social prison house. As for the natural sights – the Thames is preferred at low water when the mud prevails. A great deal of the realism seems to be the work of depressed immigrants who hanker for a Romney Marsh or an Innisfree, while they turn their scornful backs on the gaudy appeals for socialism, atheism or salvation. The contrast between mid- or early-Victorian London and the London of the *fin de siècle* in literature is extraordinary; the heart has gone out of the later time. If they could have waited for a generation how much more fortunate in their material these writers would have been; two wars and a revolution would have digested it. If he could have waited two generations, Davidson would probably have been in the BBC! For by then, his mad and Victorian notion that one could live by writing poetry – he must have been one of the last to try – had been thoroughly knocked on the head. That is one thing the affluent society has settled in all the arts.

But there is another side to the little man of the mean London. If his life was grey, his mind was apt to be highly coloured; if he was forced to be timid, he raged with inner pugnacity; if his speech whined and his feet shuffled over his vowels, he had a bullfrog bursting with rhetoric inside. Villon was a fashion and the place was full, as Davidson himself saw, of 'stylists'. Being a Scot who had purged himself of evangelical religion, Davidson regarded London and all life, with a hard, foreign eye. He saw it through the eye of Nietzsche and, also, Ibsen. The little man on thirty bob a week was a potential superman:

> I step into my heart and there I meet
> A god-almighty devil singing small
> Who would like to shout and whistle in the
> street,
> And squelch the passers flat against
> the wall;
> If the whole world was a cake he had the
> power to take,
> He would take it, ask for more, and
> eat it all.

And not for personal reasons. He did not want to be the boss. On the contrary: his idea is that to 'come it brave and meek' is heroically difficult:

> Its walking on a string across a gulf
> With millstones fore-and-aft about your
> neck.

To accept the superman is to accept the command of fate and Nature; and to see to it that one takes a stand against being part of Nature's enormous wastage, even if one has to accept that in the end. And so, as one reads Davidson's descriptions of 'The Isle of Dogs', or other reaches of the Thames, his account of the Clyde at Greenock or his various *Testaments*, his Fleet Street verses or that terrible poem in which an atheist boy fights to destroy his mother's belief in immortality at her deathbed, one sees a sort of intellectual battling, something cross-grained, inflating, rhetorical and strenuous in his writing. It is city stuff because it is heartening itself with opinions. There is the smell and swagger of newsprint. The evangelical becomes the atheistic Salvationist, at once filled with the Nietzschean pessimism and appeals on behalf of the message of the blood.

His final unfinished work is a monstrous drama of paradox: *The Triumph of Mammon*. Mammon has destroyed God and is reforming the Kingdom of Thule. He calls the factions together: socialists, neo-pagans, *i.e.* restorers of Roman mythology, the Inceptors of Teutonic Religion who wish to see a new God evolve. The Christian rebellion, under the Roman Catholics, is put down, the godless state created. Mammon is ruthless. Cruelty and horror entangle him. And there the epic breaks off. It is said that the final part was to show that Mammon could transcend every evil he could do, or that was done to him. This was not swank. Davidson did not grow up in the land of John Knox for nothing.

This poem is written in blank verse. It contains good lines, but it is grinding iron-grey stuff; the argument wrangles; the rhetoric tramps on and hardly gets off the ground. In the Thirties, it would have sounded like pure, little-man Fascism. When we say Davidson was born at the wrong time, we mean that the large forces about to be set loose on the world were only then forming themselves and that neither he nor anyone else could forsee how the human experience would go and what it would be like to pass through it. We think differently of the superman since Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. The underdogs have not gone down the sewer at the command of nature; they have in fact risen everywhere. If he had lived through what we have lived through, Davidson would have been cured of the desire to project ethical epics; he lived in an impoverished time, when it was only too easy to turn hopefully from experience to expatiation, simply because the experience offered was poor. It was unlucky that all these 'openings' – as an evangelical might say – should come to a minor lyrical poet; the sort of disaster that might happen today, if a man of genuine talent got caught up, say, in Moral Rearmament. For there was nothing of the mystic in Davidson; nothing to compare with the strange mind of Blake. Davidson's virtues are those of the literal descriptive writer.

John Davidson: A Selection of his Poems. Edited by MAURICE LINDSAY. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Mr Lindsay's introduction to his selection from Davidson's poems is thoughtfully done. The poet impresses most when he is faithful to a scene and, in his early poems, he has a lively facility. It ran out as that gift often does. Why this happened is not entirely a mystery. His wretched poverty, the family responsibilities pushed on to a man who was often ill, unstable and in dread of insanity – which was in the family – were enough to distort a talent. He had suffered horribly from a religious upbringing. And both in Scotland and in England, to say nothing of his inner life, he felt himself to be an outsider – how violently can be seen in the grim *The Testament of a Man Forbid*. He could feel only compassion for a world he found 'dauntless and dull'. He was a careless worker, leaving the bad lines in, a great praiser of the neglected, querulous, proud and on the defensive. Mr Hugh McDiarmid's introduction implies that he suffered because there was, in his time, no Scottish culture to contain or feed him. That, I am sure, is true. He often sounds as if his voice lacked a native subject or a native tune. How good he is when he has this subject can be seen in 'The Runnable Stag'. His rage was against a way of life in which people did not fulfil themselves, who neither knew how to live or how to die.

Cold Warrior

Mr Citizen. By HARRY S. TRUMAN. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

Harry S. Truman is a good example of the rule that office makes the man. When he was nominated as President Roosevelt's running mate in 1944, his selection was regarded as a cynical surrender to the big city bosses. And so when Roosevelt died a few months after re-election for his fourth term, well-informed Washington assumed that the Vice-President, with greatness thrust upon him, would at best rate as a Democratic Coolidge.

In the event, Truman proved a great deal better than that, demonstrating once and for all that outstanding abilities are not required to make an excellent President. His upbringing as a Missouri farm boy gave him roots that he was shrewd enough never to pluck up; his failure as a haberdasher induced humility; and his first political appointment, as a judge under Boss Prendergast, revealed that he had the supreme requirement of an American politician, the ability to remain an honest man when working for a corrupt machine. The qualities he possessed when he took over included integrity, judgment, good health and a respectful knowledge of the American political system. What he lacked was intellectual distinction and any awareness of the world outside the USA. The first defect was never remedied and explains the cordial dislike of Adlai Stevenson – the supreme egghead – revealed in this book. The second was mitigated by a conscientious application to State papers. Truman ran his own foreign policy, as Eisenhower never did, and learnt to know and respect his European allies, particularly Great Britain. But in his attitude to the world outside Nato he remains to this day quite 'unreconstructed'.

Mr Citizen is a likeable, readable hotchpotch of ex-Presidential reminiscences and reflections. Whereas the style in which it is written is admirable. the thoughts and emotions it expresses are complacently undistinguished. Rightly recognising himself as the outstanding representative of the average American, Mr Truman looks in the mirror, grins and says, 'This is what Mr Citizen *should* look like at the age of 75.' I at least cannot fault his analysis of why, in contrast with himself, Mr Eisenhower was a bad President and Mr Stevenson a disastrous candidate. His book is worth possessing, if only for the cruelly indiscreet anecdotes with which he illustrates this thesis.

The most valuable chapters of *Mr Citizen* are those which discuss the presidency. Even a few years ago most of us in Britain were inclined to write off the American Constitution as unworkable. Now I have been reluctantly driven to the conclusion that Presidential government, combined with the division of powers, is more attuned to modern conditions than the British Cabinet system. Party politics are certainly made healthier when a leader must submit himself to popular election; and the man thus chosen is more likely to be capable of great decisions than those whose personalities have been smoothed and rounded by the grinding process of the British political machine. It was because he had to fight his way to the top that, when he got there, he was able to take the decisions and give the leadership required.

In his principles, Truman remains a Primitive Baptist. 'A man cannot have character,' he writes, 'unless he lives within a fundamental system of morals that creates character.' The key word here is 'within'. Truman has never broken loose from the fundamentalist morality of his youth. Indeed, in his politics he has transferred this morality to the international plane and devoutly views the world as divided between Christian right and Communist wrong. Writing of the Pope's failure in 1948 to respond to his proposal for a common moral front against Communism, he observes:

> I feel that an important opportunity was missed, and that those who had misgivings about such a religious and moral alliance ought to realise that a foe common to them all was trying to destroy them all. I still hope to see the religious leaders themselves initiate a move to bring about close co-ordination to serve the needs of peace and humankind against an unparalleled threat to all religion.

With this faith he felt no doubts about the decision to drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima, and he is still as sure as ever that Communism can only be curbed by military might. Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, even Eisenhower and Bob Taft were all uneasily aware of the inadequacy of this philosophy. Not so Harry S. Truman. With Dean Acheson to provide the intellectual justification and Ernest Bevin to support him, he became the Galahad of nuclear war.

No politician of his generation could match the primitive purity of his anti-communist faith; and it is one of history's cruellest ironies that he should have been assailed for being 'soft on communists' and his administration swept out of office by the McCarthyite crusade. Truman will be remembered as the first of the cold warriors – but also as a President who took more than his share of the really brave decisions. Within his limits, and precisely because of those limits, he became a minor master of Presidential politics. In democracies it is often the little men of small vision who stand up best to the strains of leadership.

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Law and Morals

Life, Death and the Law. By NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 35s.*

This is a valuable study of Christian opposition, often supported by the law, to secular claims that the individual should be left to dispose as he thinks fit of his own life and reproductive powers, and should be granted a wide freedom in his choice of sexual satisfactions. The book is patently the product of great industry; Dr St John-Stevas has digested a vast number of legal cases, statutes and government reports, and has extracted the substance of many complex theological doctrines, medical facts and biological theories.

The result of all this patient toil is an instructive and scholarly guide to Anglo-American law and Christian opinion (Catholic and Anglican) on six subjects of controversy; contraception, artificial insemination, sterilisation, homosexuality, suicide and euthanasia. This does not, and should not, make easy reading; but in spite of the forest of details, a very high standard of lucidity is maintained. The book will serve as a *vade mecum* for anyone of progressive views anxious to go into battle against the existing law. It will enable him not only to argue with his opponents but to understand his Christian allies, and to gauge the strength of the alliance. In this last respect the book differs, while covering part of the same ground, from Dr Glanville Williams's work on *The Sanctity of Human Life and the Criminal Law,* and the brave-new-world utilitarianism of that book is mildly criticised here.

Perhaps the author's main concern, as a Catholic of very liberal views, is that Catholic doctrines should be formulated afresh and that arguments concerning the law's interference should not be conducted in ignorance of what modern medicine, biology and sociology have to teach. If there is to be casuistry, let it be abreast of the latest facts. It is indeed plain that the orientation of Catholic natural law to some modern developments demands from Catholic disputants ingenuity of a high order.

It is equally plain from this book that the demand has been met. The debate, summarised by the author, between Fr Kelly SJ and Fr Glover on the legitimacy of the various methods of obtaining semen for artificial human insemination has some brilliant passages. The argument that a method is legitimate if, like testicular puncture, it involves no use of the sexual processes, is answered by the claim that it none the less destroys 'the ordination of semen to generation required by the natural order'. Distinctions between what is *contra naturam* and what is *praeter naturam* are invoked and 'true' *coitus* is distinguished from its 'appearance'. It is sad, after these fine subtleties, to find the debate abruptly terminated by a simple papal declaration that 'artificial fecundation violates the natural law and is contrary to justice and morality'.

Though an admirable guide through the labyrinth of legal and theological doctrine, Dr St John-Stevas is less at home in his discussion of general principles. A haze hangs over both his introductory account of rival jurisprudential theories concerning the relations of law and morality, and his own criterion for determining when the law's interference is justifiable. Much English secular thought on these general topics is still coloured by Bentham's and Austin's doctrines. They were utilitarians in morals and positivists in legal theory. Their positivism meant that laws might be of any degree of iniquity and still be laws (and rules might be of any degree of moral excellence and still not be laws): the question what *should* be law and what laws should be obeyed was, for them, a moral one, to be settled by reference to the principles of utility. It was only in this sense that they argued for a separation of law from morals as against the natural lawyers, whose battle cry had often been *lex iniusta non est lex.* This simple – no doubt oversimple – doctrine is badly misrepresented in this book. Austin's defenders are said to commend his approach 'because it avoids the twin confusions that a rule violating standards of morality is not law and that a morally desirable rule should be sanctioned by the law'. This is a misreading of something written by the present reviewer, and it reduces a simple but potent theory to simple nonsense.

The positivist position is said by Dr St John-Stevas to leave the individual helpless before the law. Unsatisfactory as utilitarianism may be as a critique of legal institutions, it surely merits something better than this. The criterion proposed by the author for determining when the law should intervene is 'the common good', but it is impossible to extract from this book any clear interpretation of this beguiling phrase. It is often contrasted here with 'individualism' as well as with utilitarianism. Sometimes there is a hint of a more Rousseauesque conception in which the common good is identified with what informed men may be expected to agree upon after free debate. Most often, consideration of the common good leads Dr St John-Stevas to the conclusions that a sane utilitarian would reach, except where some very firm Catholic doctrine lies in the way, as it does in the case of artificial insemination and voluntary sterilisation for eugenic or contraceptive purposes. So perhaps for Dr St John-Stevas the criterion of the common good is just utilitarianism qualified by such doctrines. I am not at all clear whether this is so or not; nor, I suspect, is he.

H. L. A. HART

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Phoenix. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by EDWARD D. MCDONALD. *Heinemann. 35s.*

Selected Literary Criticism. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by ANTHONY BEAL. *Heinemann. 12s. 6d.*

A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany. Edited by HARRY T. MOORE. *Heinemann. 35s.*

Since nothing new can now be said about Lawrence, three courses only are open to us. First, silence. It is good to think of all the books that now, mercifully, will not be written about him. Second, reminders of what he said. And third, testimony to what he still does to us.

The second course is now made easier for us by the republication, after 25 years, of *Phoenix,* his posthumous papers – what a fat volume for what a reasonable price – and by the appearance of Mr Beal's very useful *Selected Literary Criticism* as a paperback. Open Lawrence's literary criticism at almost any point in either of these two volumes and you will realise again what a fine technician the man was. The great violinist can be distinguished, not only by his interpretation of, say, a Shostakovich concerto, but by the skill with which he plays Adam Carse or scales and passages. Lawrence, passing the time – and earning extra pin-money – by reviewing, shows his powers of compression, assessment and acute vision which are easy to forget when you're reading his novels or his polly-analytics (as he called them). Read him on Rupert Brooke or Thomas Mann, Wells or Maugham, or on lots of little forgotten writers: he is not infallible but he infallibly makes a live point. Or see what he says about the 'negro soul' – in a review of four ephemeral American novels – and you find he has anticipated Mr Ezekiel Mphahlele by 30 years. And the study of Hardy, all 118 pages of it, in *Phoenix* is of course indispensable.

The third course – testimony to what he still does to us – is followed in Mr Moore's admirable collection. What is arresting about it is the way it shows, again and again, Lawrence popping up among the young – the critics, for instance, who were busy getting born about when he was busy dying. Diana Trilling, thinking of these young men, analyses her surprise that 'in the last year or two Lawrence has strangely reappeared in our conversational lives', and engagingly discusses how this should be. That it is so, is clear from this book. Evidently what some thought was a bit of rusty metal turns out to be still a live magnet: for see – the iron filings still dance to it. Mostly old dances, but there are a few new ones too.

Mr A. Alvarez's essay on Lawrence's poetry is the best defence of it – a defence with all the right qualifications – that I have read. Mr R. Foster ('Criticism as Rage') writes excellently about Lawrence as literary critic, and shows why his sort of criticism had to be bad-tempered. Mr Marvin Mudrick on *The Rainbow* and Mr S. Ronald Weiner on *The Princess* are good examples of careful, balanced analysis. Diana Trilling's 'Letter of Introduction to Lawrence' reminds us that 'he never bullied people with his artistic superiority, only with his messianism . . . as an artist he was the most unassuming man who ever lived'. Several of the young tend to heave Lawrence up by shoving Mr Eliot down; Lawrence's voice, says Mr Wright Morris ('Lawrence and the Immediate Present'), 'is a voice in the present . . . It is this man of whom we can say – as Picasso said of Matisse – that he has a sun in his belly. The sun in the belly of Mr Eliot is a mythic sun. It is a clinker to manipulate: the fire has gone out of it'. This is both understandable and healthy, though the time will come when it, too, will need correction. Mr Karl Shapiro ('The Unemployed Magician') in a witty and penetrating imaginary conversation with the god of letters, who later turns out to be Lawrence himself, states the proportions justly.

There are trivialities in the book – scrapings with barrel-splinters in them. Perhaps it would have been better as two smaller volumes: one containing the critical essays which are not to be missed; and a second with the slight memoirs, the reproductions of unimportant sketches, the original MS of *The Fox*, and other such delectations for bibliophiles. In any case, there should have been an index. But we must be grateful for what Mr Moore has given us – and what again Heinemann have kept down to a reasonable price.

MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR

The Curse of Plenty

The Waste Makers. By VANCE PACKARD. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

The consumer, Mr Packard has been telling us in his two previous books, is both king and the supreme sucker. This is a third polemic on the same theme, and it has much the same faults and virtues as *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers*. Mr Packard clips, notes and files with admirable energy; he pastes his pieces together with ingenuity and a gift for the striking phrase; and his flow of anecdote and quotation eases his argument over begged questions and incomplete evidence. The result is both popular and persuasive – and for all the faults that one can find in his books, he says things that ought to be said.

In this case his prime purpose is to attack the consumption ethic. In the first book he showed the ways in which the consumer was being incited to irrational needs; in the second he was discussing some of the social consequences of this incitement. The present volume is essentially an indictment of planned waste, inseparable from a capitalist economy capable of producing far more than the population can naturally consume. The crux of Mr Packard's argument is that about half of all the natural resources processed annually all over the world are consumed by the six per cent of its inhabitants who live in the United States. This is the curse of plenty in the midst of world poverty.

It is not merely that the profit-urge leads to growth for growth's sake (and hence to consumption for the sake of getting rid of the products of unplanned economic expansion): that point has already been well taken by J. K. Galbraith and Robert Heilbroner. But the treadmill must be made to spin faster every year if it is to keep the economy mov-

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ing, and the techniques of consumer-incitement Mr Packard has already described are not enough in themselves. The consumer must be made to buy more by deliberate obsolescence – not simply by fashion changes, important though these are as a device for creating demand, but by making products that will break down and wear out as quickly as possible. The consumer-durable, Mr Packard says cynically, is an article which actually lasts a little longer than the time taken to pay off the instalments on it.

His demonstration of this point is, of course, the familiar case for consumer-protection, and it is supported by telling examples. Yet it is not just a matter of showing that cars and washing machines and all the other gadgetry could be better made and sold more cheaply. The crucial point is that Americans (and ourselves) are committed to an economic system which is making us into debt-ridden consumers at the cost of the amenities and values that make us human beings. And this is happening in a world in which both time and resources are running out for the richer capitalist societies. We can, if we choose, go on spending as much on trinkets as we do on medical or scientific research, as much on advertising as on education, on style changes in our cars as on foreign aid. But we cannot do so indefinitely, perhaps not for more than a decade of so, perhaps only for a few years.

This is where Mr Packard is essentially right in raising a warning voice. If he sounds somewhat shrill and uncertain at times one should remember that he is trying to make himself heard above the shrieking in the market place.

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Ego–Image Adjuster

My Work. By LE CORBUSIER. Translated by J. C. PALMES with an introduction by MAURICE JARDOT. *Architectural Press.* 4 *gns.*

It is a sinister circumstance that the first book by Le Corbusier that has been received with universal acclaim by the hip, the square and the indifferent, should contain practically no information about his architecture, but present him more as a painter, a sculptor, a maker of memorable images. That the hip should praise it is excusable – for architects and others who know the whole score, these images are mnemonics that summon up whole systems of thought, like the *Modulor*; architectural principles, like the free plan; or even actual buildings – one picture of an entrance canopy will infallibly recall the *Cité de Refuge* once you know the code.

But when Eggmass – the lumpen intelligentsia – who patently do not know the code, start bandying words like *genius* on the strength of a book like this, you realise that the squares are no further in understanding, now that they elvispreslicate his name, than when they execrated the man and his work. They remain the victims of the image of the greatest hand-made ego of the twentieth century. When Le Corbusier speaks of himself he speaks fiction, because the self is a figment of the imagination of someone else called Charles Edouard Jeanneret, a long time ago. In the early days the Jeanneret ego (a former Swiss art student) wore different clothes to the Corbusier ego (the revolutionary machine-age architect). But more recently the Jeanneret ego has faded away, and is remembered only by a few unkind friends from the early days – 'Allo, Jeanneret, toujours ce mauvais accent Suisse?'

What remains is still an artefact, however, and although you forget this when talking to him directly, as soon as you compare what has been said this time with what was said last time, you realise that the ego-image has been adjusted to suit some subtle change of circumstances. The interest, then, of *My Work* is not what it has to say about the masterpieces of architecture by which he will ultimately be judged, but what it does to fix and record one of the transient stages of the infinitely adjustable ego.

What we have here is an ego not seriously concerned with architecture – in only five cases are there plans or sections that show how completed buildings work, and only three site plans. On the other hand, there is a mass of student drawings and exercises, which fit in with the personal-genius image that is clearly implied in the rest of *My Work* – thirty-odd paintings, half-a-dozen tapestries and his entire output in sculpture. The rest is dramatic photographs of details and parts of buildings, presented as images equivalent to paintings or sculptures.

Now, *qua* painter or sculptor, Corb is, I suppose, a middling middleweight of the school of Paris – you can't rate him with Léger, but he could probably give Gromaire a good run, or overhaul André Lhote for all his long start on technical expertise. If that is the pitch at which he wants to establish the ego-image, he has succeeded – accepted as a tame genius suitable for exhibition on *Monitor*. I, personally, think this is an absolute tragedy, because he is at least two kinds of real genius as well. He is the last of the Renaissance line, the polymaths recorded in Vasari's *Lives*; and he is also at least a sketch for a machine-age communications-genius, for whom to have an idea and give it currency is as important as to realise it.

To see him in his true colours, the colours of the bright boy from La Chaux de Fonds whose mother was a Perret, who opted for France in the middle of the First World War and imposed his vision on the world, you have to go to the buildings he built (including those he built and subsequently decided to forget) and to his polemical writings. Fortunately, some of them are still to be had, even in English. The Architectural Press still has the classic *Towards a New Architecture* in print, and Fabers have recently done a paperback *Modulor*, while his tireless French publisher, *fidèle Plon*, has re-issued just about everything he ever wrote, including such ephemeridæ as *L'Art Décoratif d'Aujourd'hui*. If *My Work* drives people back to these sources by offering them tantalising glimpses of a king-size architect, then it will effectively raise itself above the level of an old man's scrap book, the estimate at which it has been received so far. But the onus remains with the reader, to realise that this is just a sample, not the lot.

REYNER BANHAM

Nouveau Roman, 1857

On Reading Flaubert. By MARGARET G. TILLETT. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

The aim of this little book is modest but commands respect: it is to discuss and communicate the personal pleasure that can be got from reading Flaubert, after scholarly exegesis is done. Miss Tillett, who has been through the academic preliminaries and gives useful notes and bibliography, is simply telling us what, in the end of the day, she admires about Flaubert, and why. Her pleasure is intense, her eagerness to share it disarming.

But *quidquid recipitur, secundum modum recipientis recipitur* – the sensibility and power of expression that can actually throw light on works of genius are necessarily rare. Miss Tillett's command of language is not always up to her enthusiasm, and in spite of her esteem for Flaubert's work she is not entirely in sympathy with it. She sums up: 'The major flaw in Flaubert's work is undoubtedly that he produces not one wholly likeable main character; and no amount of explanation can alter the fact that this is a weakness in a novelist'.

This reservation lies behind much of what she writes about even her favourite works, and may account for a tendency to wrench the emphasis away from where Flaubert placed it and to exaggerate the significance of 'good' characters like Dr Rivière or 'religious' scenes such as Bouvard's and Pécuchet's attendance at midnight mass. Félicité's end, in *Un Coeur Simple*, is thus referred to as a 'peaceful death', when surely it is a characteristically devastating example, with compassion and irony exactly balancing each other, of the frail human demand for the comfort of illusion.

The old legend of Flaubert's impassiveness and inhumanity dies hard, preserved by too literal and unhistorical a reading of his own utterances on the subject. All serious writers struggle constantly to eliminate from their work those axioms and terms that are no longer valid. Romantic subjectiveness and sentimentality were two of the things that Flaubert was trying to get rid of. But of course he could not eliminate himself. The apparent discrepancy between the warmth and generosity of his own personality and the sardonic coolness belonging to the ostensible 'statement' in his work is only a superficial one. What satirical artists 'say', in so many words, about humanity, tends to correspond to their own view of themselves. The real 'meaning' of their work reveals itself more subtly, not in the deeds but in the atmosphere, not in the statement but in the style. The values of Flaubert's work need no apology; the characters he portrays are unsympathetic only in terms of a sentimentality that he eschewed.

France is fortunate to have had, a 100 years ago, a major novelist who was preoccupied with style, with the impersonality and objectivity *de ses jours*; while we still regard the *nouveaux romanciers*, when they come to tell us of their similar ambitions, as rather comically intense.

BARBARA BRAY

Inner and Outer

Solstices. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thistles and Roses. By IAIN CRICHTON SMITH. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Screens and Other Poems. By I. A. RICHARDS. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Louis MacNeice has always been known as a *good* writer, but I think that orderly minds have never known quite where to place him, on their tennis ladder of reputations. He is consistently compared to writers whom he scarcely resembles. His new book confirms my belief that he is less a poet of the Thirties, whatever that implies of politics and journalism, than a romantic poet, atypical of the age which he sometimes tried to serve. More to the point, *Solstices* seems to me his best book. Maybe Louis MacNeice will grow old like Yeats.

MacNeice has often seemed to make a gesture of his formal carelessness, as if he went over his poems before he published them and inserted at least one cliché in each. In *Solstices* he can still speak of 'age-old assumptions that clouded our eyes', but many of the poems are flawless, completed works of art. He no longer needs to appear slapdash. A few poems are merely perfections of surface. (One may use 'good writing' as a term of minor approbation, praise the apt epithet or exact distinction: 'The precise yet furtive etiquette of dogs.') But the best of these poems have an artistic wholeness, a sense of completion, which begins in the imagination and ends in the precise articulation of syllables: an innerness which successfully creates its outerness.

Sometimes, as in 'The Wiper', the imaginative revelation seems tantalisingly withheld; the details do not suddenly cohere and explain themselves; they remain merely accurate. But take 'The Truisms', for instance. The poem begins:

> His father gave him a box of truisms
> Shaped like a coffin, then his father died;
> The truisms remained on the mantelpiece . . .

He goes to experience war, love and so on. He returns to 'where he had come from . . . '

> He raised his hand and blessed his home;
> The truisms flew and perched on his shoulders
> And a tall tree sprouted from his father's grave.

The final metaphor succeeds by a jump of the imagination; yet 'jump' is too violent and wilful a word for what happens here; the imagination reveals itself like fire tearing through a layer of coal. It unifies the poem not

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mechanically, like the arithmetical symmetry of many poems, but by seeing into the hidden sources of feeling. The plot of the poem is itself a truism, like the blessing of the home. But then the truisms turn into tame birds, and another natural object (a roost for birds!) grows from the remains of the father: a new gift of the imagination names the origins and uses of truisms.

Another 12 or 15 poems in this collection are as remarkable as 'The Truisms', and some of them are more complex. The best of this book should be compared not to Auden but to Muir.

Thistles and Roses is Iain Crichton Smith's second collection. It reveals a poet who is intelligent, honest and talented, but who has enemies inside himself. Sometimes Crichton Smith appears impatient of art, particularly in his metres. The devil usually tempts British poets in the shape of a happy-go-lucky lout saying, 'Ah, what does it matter. *Life's* more important. Let it go'. (For some reason clichés, bad metaphors, and lame metres are construed as signs of vitality.) But Crichton Smith is not so much sloppy as talky, and his imagination is overcome by an explanatory loquaciousness which allows no room for the images in which he excels Often he writes very well:

> And she, being old, fed from a mashed plate
> as an old mare might droop across a fence
> to the dull pastures of its ignorance.

There are a number of good poems here, and a great quantity of good passages. I hope that the good angel wins, and I applaud the evidence of struggle.

The evidence of struggle in I. A. Richards's *The Screens* is only a battlefield littered with dead poems. One needn't dwell on Richards's metrical errors, or on the expedient and indecorous diction which changes its tone and its century whenever it requires a rhyme. Nor need one list the ghastly words like 'docilizing' and 'pain-crystallized' which keep turning up. Richards reminds me of the young man who told me he was poetry-oriented. Goodness knows, Richards has a lively mind, and if he were a poet he would be a philosophical poet of great charm. Many of his poems bear lengthy epigraphs like the 'news items' of occasional poets, only quoted from Plato and Whitehead and Wittgenstein. The performance has a certain fascination, but finally the clumsiness gets all our attention; Richards is like a man trying to thread a needle with boxing gloves on:

> After the great wave lesser waves seem shrunk
> to some; to others not. Back here in the womb,
> Here in our nearest mock-up, we assume
> Under deficiency of waves we're sunk
> And kick to be let out...

I am happy that this volume ends with an essay, cheerful and stimulating, about our ignorance of the ontology of poems, which disposes of some fashionable applications to literature of communications theory.

DONALD HALL

New Novels

The Last Temptation. By NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS. Translated by P. A. BIEN. *Faber: Cassirer.* 21*s.*

The Arena. By WILLIAM HAGGARD. *Cassell.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Nephew. By JAMES PURDY. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A Path to the Sea. By COLIN MURRY. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

That hotly contemporaneous beast, the questionable translation, comes up with *The Last Temptation*. And I must say, in a week high-lighted by the publication of the New English Bible, supporters of the vernacular in the stately squabbles between that and Trad need only read this novel to run screaming back to Trad.

This freely imagined story of Christ in fact needs to be approached with at least one Christian virtue: charity. M. Kazantzakis *may* be a great novelist of, to quote the quote on the jacket, 'European magnitude'. But if he is, one can only reflect that he has here been grossly mis-served by his translator. The inflated Note at the end eulogising Kazantzakis in terms of lofty naivety also explains that the book is written in a modern Greek at once popular, demotic, rich and flexible and that the author is 'defending the soul of the common people against the unimaginativeness of pedantic intellectuals and . . . the ever expanding forces of newspaper jargon . . .' The success of this good fight is perhaps best demonstrated by a random selection of the phrases which – in the translation – lie thick on the ground in every chapter. 'Get the hell out of here.' 'Hallo Judas, glad to see you.' 'Everything's fine and dandy.' 'I say we should go back to Galilee where there's security. Remember our lake, boys?'

Certainly a case can be made out for the use of contemporary idiom in a novel of this kind. Perhaps in the original it even comes off. But through this vulgar curtain of exhausted Americanese, this prose construction at once insipid and violent, the debasing lie of the language across the thought, how can one tell?

An occasional gleam comes through; a vigorously re-thought Gospel scene makes an impact, a character emerges. Mary, longing to live an ordinary life, not to be burdened with a special Son, is finely done; the mother of every genius except perhaps Napoleon. Jesus himself, no pallid, sweet Galilean but a kind of young Tolstoy, thick-lipped, physically unattractive, sensual, self-distrustful, is a valid and interesting conception. But though, in general, an impression of galvanic power emerges it does not seem to me to be a power of great profundity, only a compulsively energetic agitation at the shallow end of this writer's imagination, an immense turbulence of surface not of depth.

Should one admire M. Kazantzakis more for the failed, cosmic attempt or Mr Haggard for the infinitely smaller target and the bull's eye? *The Arena* is a witty, intelligent, unflamboyant book poised with splendid balance between the 'novel of affairs' (Whitehall, the City, 'the corridors of power' to borrow C. P. Snow's phrase) and the sophisticated thriller. Walter Hillyard, merchant banker in the family concern of Bonavias, finds his firm in danger of being taken over by a British company actually controlled by a man named Stauffer, who represents a suspect foreign power interested in a subsidiary of Bonavias called Radarmic, a firm which is on to something in electronics which could be of first importance to this country's safety. Hillyard, digging in his heels at the prospect of a takeover – he owns 30 per cent of Bonavias – is the one substantial obstacle in the way of Stauffer and consequently in real danger of his life – not only from Stauffer but from galloping diabetes.

The scenes move between lovely, sardonic descriptions of City dinners in livery companies' halls, togged up with near-Knellers, beadles in medieval dress, loving cups and speeches about Tradition, Service and The Heart of this Great City; Prime Minister's offices (with a wicked, friendly sketch of the principal occupant); upper-class marriage beds (the study of Walter Hillyard's marriage is done with a cool, sympathetic grace, most rare in this kind of book); and Italy where the exciting, closing scenes take place. Not so flash as Fleming, not so sad as Chandler, not as improbable as either, not too neat, not too nasty: and, best of all, no blondes, slick or daft . . . *The Arena* could hardly be bettered in its chosen field.

The Nephew is a pliant, supple, echoing little piece encompassing within a simple framework (an aunt deciding to write a memoir of a nephew reported missing – later dead – in the Korean war) a minutely imagined small town, Rainbow Centre, with its old scandals, old and new rivalries, dominations, ways of measuring, social symbols. Alma, the aunt, living with her equally aged brother, begins collecting material for the projected memoir from all the people who knew the young Cliff. She approaches his German professor, Mrs Barrington the local grande dame, an elderly homosexual, a spinster school teacher . . . Everyone becomes both involved and revealed as the search goes on. In the end, of course, something which might have been profoundly wounding to herself and her brother comes out. Cliff hated Rainbow and their home and the life he had lived with them. Yet the grief is not so much healed as discounted; the old go on living, eat delicious ices, comfort each other by being alive and *there*.

Mr Purdy's style has been much admired. To my perhaps crude ear he seems to pipe away, giving a very accurate, very distinguished little performance on a very tiny flute. I admire; but he does not engage my *warm* attention.

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Michael, 22, undergraduate at a minor university, falls in love with his professor's wife. But before hurling chunks of Old Woodley at Mr Murry's head and pouring tea without sympathy down his throat in the hope that it scalds him, let me say that *A Path to the Sea* is not at all bad. The love affair itself is conveyed with an impressive raw passion; the writing is observant and exact; and some of the characters, especially Crossthwaite, a refugee from a Kenneth More film complete with Jimmy Edwards moustache and *Genevieve* larks, are very nicely done indeed. This novel is no great blazing diamond, but it's not paste either. A trim, little turquoise perhaps.

GERDA CHARLES

Paperbacks

In this selection from the month's output of literary criticism in paperbacks first place must go to the books unpublished before. Four essays have been added to the Writers and Critics series (Oliver & Boyd, 3*s.* 6*d.* each), two on dramatists – *Brecht*, by Ronald Gray, and *Ionesco*, by Richard N. Coe, of which the latter looks particularly useful – and two on novelists, *Faulkner*, by Michael Millgate, and *Hemingway*, by Stewart Sanderson. By now, Faulkner must be the most written about of living novelists, but not by any means all the books and studies of him are easily obtainable in this country, and one of the most valuable things about Mr Millgate's essay is his last chapter, in which he surveys, in admirable summaries, the field of Faulkner criticism. All in all, a very good introduction to a novelist who, through his curious compound of genius and something that often looks like half-baked pretentiousness, needs elucidation.

Of Mr Sanderson's *Hemingway* I am not so sure. There is much less to be said of Hemingway than of Faulkner. On the remarkable early stories and novels Mr Sanderson writes pleasingly; but his judgments on the later books seem to me questionable. 'One guesses that it [*For Whom the Bell Tolls*] will be read by future generations as we now read *Le Rouge et le Noir*.' I guess otherwise: we'll wait and see. I'm quite sure, though, that Mr Sanderson absurdly overestimates *The Old Man and the Sea*. To call it 'a beautifully-executed essay in Dantesque allegory' is surely going pretty far out. How, if you use that kind of language, are you going to describe the much finer and much shorter story on the same basic theme, 'The Undefeated', which Hemingway wrote more than 30 years ago?

W. Y. Tindall's *James Joyce* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a learned and enthusiastic exegesis of the sort, it does not seem unkind to say, that has now become conventional. Professor Tindall riddle-me-rees with the best, and most convincingly. Yet, for all Joyce's genius, which is unquestionable, there is a case against him. It certainly isn't the one Gosse put forward, which Professor Tindall quotes, that Joyce was 'a literary charlatan of the extremest order', but the much more sensible objection sketched by Frank O'Connor in *The Mirror in the Roadway;* and I wish Professor Tindall had attempted an answer.

Fascinating to go back from Professor Tindall to Ezra Pound's 'Paris Letter' in the *Dial* of May 1922 on *Ulysses*, reprinted in *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is, no doubt, one of the less-important essays in the collection but it shows, even when Pound's close acquaintance with Joyce is taken into account, just how brilliant and persuasive a critic Pound was, how unerringly, when he was in sympathy with his subject, he got to the guts of the matter. And what is especially interesting is that, for all his knowledge of the complex structure of the book, Pound sees it largely as a realistic novel.

Also in the Faber Paper-covered Editions comes Robert Graves's *The White Goddess* (12*s.* 6*d.*). Absurd, after all these years, to have to remember to call Mr Graves 'Professor Graves'; but this is certainly the book for all who want to do their prep for his Oxford lectures; and just in case he has another fling at Yeats, they could do worse than read another new Faber paperback, Richard Ellmann's *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* (12*s.* 6*d.*).

Finally, three important books whose authors are as much critics of society and the ideas that shape society as of literature. Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* appears in Heinemann Mercury Books (10*s.* 6*d.*); Raymond Williams's *Culture and Society* will be available 30 March (Penguin, 4*s.* 6*d.*); and Kathleen Nott's *The Emperor's Clothes*, one of the liveliest pieces of literary polemics for many years, comes from the Indiana University Press *via* Mark Paterson at 14*s.* 6*d.*

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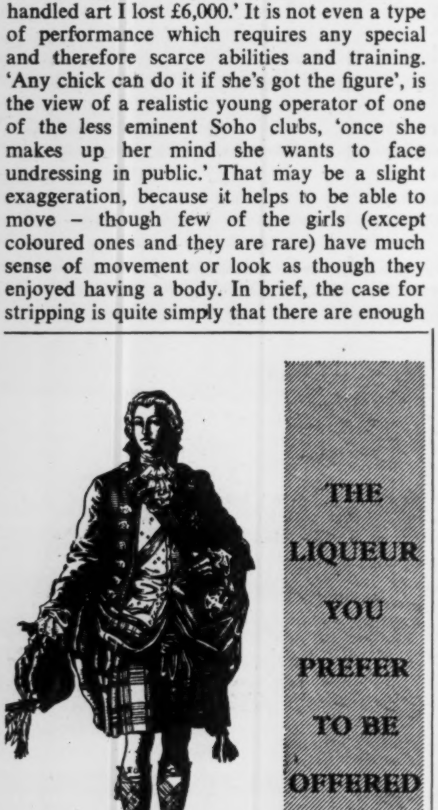
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Any Chick Can Do It

FRANCIS NEWTON

With the disappearance of five major striptease clubs an epoch in the history of the affluent society may be coming to an end. For stripping, which between 1957 and 1960 expanded only a little less fast than office-building, is a business just like advertising, and it is a reasonably lucrative one. Indeed, stripping is an ideologically purer example of private enterprise than most, since it can be defended and propagated by no other argument except the one that you can make money out of it.

It produces neither goods nor services, for the only real service that is in the minds of the men who watch a strip is the one they will not get. Whether it could be art is debateable, but it isn't. 'I don't pretend', an honest and therefore sympathetic manager told me, 'that it's great art. In fact I don't say it's art at all. All I'm saying is the last time I handled art I lost £6,000.' It is not even a type of performance which requires any special and therefore scarce abilities and training. 'Any chick can do it if she's got the figure', is the view of a realistic young operator of one of the less eminent Soho clubs, 'once she makes up her mind she wants to face undressing in public.' That may be a slight exaggeration, because it helps to be able to move – though few of the girls (except coloured ones and they are rare) have much sense of movement or look as though they enjoyed having a body. In brief, the case for stripping is quite simply that there are enough mugs who will pay up to 30s. a time to see girls taking off their clothes to musical accompaniment.



Drambuie

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That this is so has long been familiar to showmen, though the very strict regulations governing nudity on the stage long stood in the way of efficient exploitation of the market. Within the limits of these regulations the Windmill has done its best to cheer up a vast public, and nude shows, a genre developed towards the end of the war, were used by various declining music-halls in the early Fifties to stave off bankruptcy. Even the Metropolitan, Edgware Road, an enchanting and blowsy family house, experimented with them until it discovered a more rewarding public among the immigrant Irish and the wrestling fans. But the real way round the regulations was not discovered until the beginning of the Macmillan era. Mr Len Mitelle, formerly of the Windmill, now of the Panama, took over at a tottering *avant-garde* theatre club, the Irving, thus marrying the highbrow device of the club theatre to the lowbrow one of the non-stop afternoon girl show. The object at this point was not yet stripping, but merely a slightly nuder and slightly bluer 'saucy' revue than was possible in a public theatre. The invigorating winds of free competition have done the rest.

Because of the obvious and immediate success of afternoon club-shows, elaborate and sometimes very luxurious strip-clubs multiplied between 1957 and 1959. Generally they were run by men with experience in night clubs, theatre, music-hall, travelling nude shows or the like, though some of the heavy initial investment seems to have come from outside the West End; textiles have been mentioned in one instance. The market for this relatively plush trade seems to have levelled off towards the end of 1959. At its peak about a dozen such places advertised in the press. The main survivors today put on properly produced shows, on the revue pattern, the strips sandwiched between company numbers, sketches (some actually in dress), dance-routines, a resident comedian, etc. Several have a choreographer (one operator is said to have complained 'How can I be running an obscene show, I got a choreographer?').

However, since the end of 1959 a host of more modest operators have entered the business, partly because of the pressure of competition among the 400 or so West End clubs, partly, it is said, in consequence of the Wolfenden Act. They range from fairly elaborate set-ups to sleazy rooms with a few cinema seats occupied by single men who watch a succession of girls (interspersed by strip films) taking off their clothes contemptuously to the accompaniment of one and a half records. Of late some clip-joints (where suckers are sold blackcurrant juice cordial at staggering prices until they realise that they will get nothing out of the girls who press this and other disappointing drinks on them) have turned over to stripping, but so far there is no general trend in this direction. Finally there are the 'cabarets' – mostly 15-minute uninhibited interludes thrown in free for the patrons – in various drinking clubs. There is a good deal of doubling, for at the bottom of the scale girls are offered as little as £1 for a five-minute strip. Higher up they may get £15-£25 (special acts excepted). £16 a week for 11 strips a day (the girl paying her own insurance) is the rate at one club, but managers tend to be chary of giving figures. Actors' Equity might well look into the situation which at present fills the West End with breathless blondes rushing from one club-spot to the next.

The present crisis is the logical result of competition. For there are only two ways in which a strip can outdo its rivals, namely by increasing its luxury or its obscenity. Attempts are made to build up individual – foreign – 'stars' at fees said to be as ample as their proportions, such as 'Miss Volcano' of Frankfurt, who is undressing at present. But this is at best an investment for the future. When stripping began in Britain nobody had heard of any stripper by name except maybe Gypsy Rose Lee and it will take time and advertisement to give any star the sort of appeal which automatically fills a room. Moreover, the public prefers change, though regular clients may turn up twice a month to see the same skin during a single run (normally of 10-12 weeks in a proper theatre).

A more elaborate presentation does not add much to the attractions of a strip either; for even the best of these shows would not pull in the crowd if the girls did not also reveal their all. It does, however, serve to attract a more respectable and lucrative public, for it is the dream of every operator to break out of the world of single seedy mackintoshes and schoolboys ('We can always tell in this theatre when it's half-term') and into that of the post-prandial executive with an out-of-town contact to entertain. Still, even with a good-class public a strip remains a strip and must compete with others on its level for the attention of those who want to see action.

How much action? As much as one can get away with under the extremely vague law. How much that is divides the strip business into a moderate and radical wing (separated on such issues as the wearing of g-strings), though even the radicals point out that unlike show X, which they will name, *theirs* is not obscene, or at least not indecorously so.

The London strip clubs offer little of interest to a critic of the arts. The girls are pretty, though their selection is much less sophisticated than in Paris. The sexual dance, a genuine and age-old fusion of eroticism and art, is hardly practised except by an occasional shake-dancer; such acts require talent and expertise. Of the elaborate shows I found the Nell Gwynne, with its middle-class touch (calendar girls, commères, etc.) the most pleasing. It is to be congratulated for building up a stable core of girls and a 'head girl' who relies on movement rather than a big bust. The Casino has excellent costumes and some sophistication insofar as the acts – strippers are not a highly intellectual group – will allow. The general effect of these shows is not very varied. But they do not appeal to critics. The first piece of equipment for any operator is a fixture list of Wembley, the Earls Court Exhibition and Olympia (but excluding the Ideal Home Exhibition). That and the girls will see them through.

Recently published plays include Tennessee Williams's latest Broadway production *Sweet Bird of Youth* (Secker & Warburg, 13*s.* 6*d.*); *Deathwatch*, by Jean Genet, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Faber, 5*s.* 6*d.*); and the Everyman paperback (Dent, 4*s.*) of Ibsen's *A Doll's House, The Lady from the Sea,* and *The Wild Duck.*

Victor Pasmore

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Writing recently on Le Corbusier's work and his long struggle to get any buildings up in France, Douglas Cooper said '. . . intelligent Englishmen who have competed against the ingrained Tory traditionalism and smugness which have prevented the Modern Movement even penetrating across the channel may sympathise with Le Corbusier's bitterness. His professional career makes a grim story . . .' Considering Cooper's aside, on England and the Modern Movement, one is forced to admit that he is right. There have been reflections from this movement in England, sometimes very intelligently and creatively employed, but essentially it has all happened elsewhere. More recently, the position has improved a little – though not much, and if we except Moore's activities, I cannot think of a single great visual discovery in the past 25 years that can fairly be considered to have sprung from English art.

And now it seems, instead of the Modern Movement, we have Victor Pasmore, whose Venice Biennale exhibition has just opened in Paris whilst another show of recent paintings and constructions is held at the New London Gallery. Pasmore is a dedicated artist and a man of great charm and intelligence who has eliminated from his work all the more obviously ingratiating qualities which so delighted a provincial audience back in the Thirties and Forties. Whistler and Degas, thinned down and simplified, gave place to swarms of coloured bees on the surfaces of his paintings, which marked Pasmore's encounter with Seurat. Up to this stage, there seemed to be not the slightest trace of any truly abstract or structural sense at work. The forms in these pictures were occasionally blurred or partially disintegrated, but only atmospherically so: the flat fragments of shape left behind had no abstract interest. Then followed the spiral movements of the early Fifties, half way between Hokusai waves and Leonardo's deluge drawings. These had considerable decorative value. From them, Pasmore shifted to completely abstract constructions made from painted wood and synthetic materials. The present show in London provides us with the most recent stage in this development.

All I can find is a sweeter, very tasteful variation on the themes and pursuits of Mondrian, Van Doesburg and others; and more recently the synthesised influence of Nicholson, and one or two American painters, showing in certain painting-constructions. Inside the framework of these two separate styles, some interesting things are happening. In one or two of the constructions, an attempt is made to disrupt or extend the circumscribed limitations of the rectangular flat plane containing the main, central activity of the applied construction by placing a simple element of the construction right outside the plane. In others, a single element will project forward into space, exaggeratedly and drastically. These have a mildly *voulu* flavour and it is hard to see why the constructions are still trapped on the flat background plane and are not free standing.

Some of this work is pleasurable, again in a decorative sense, and the show has had the blessed effect of transforming the gallery premises, which have been redecorated under the artist's tasteful supervision. But I cannot find any real interior logic or momentum behind the work. Think of early Mondrians. Even in those very early willow trees by canals, there was a fierce thrust towards the interplay between vertical and horizontal; the chrysanthemum petals, so passionately recorded, gave place inevitably to the plus and minus marks of the *Pier and Ocean* paintings and the quivering, embryonic movement contained inside the oval pictures; the series of tree paintings carried everything a logical stage further with their clearly stated principles of growth and expansion.

Mondrian left precisely nothing for further exploration from his own conclusions. There is no point of departure, only his own implacable arrival. When I see a Pasmore oval painting with its isolated vertical and horizontal lines, neatly laid out in an informal pattern, I scarcely know where to look. Apart from a love of abstraction and an invincible belief in style, what is the true *raison d'être* behind such paintings, at this stage of the game?

To be more positive, Pasmore has clearly had a useful impact on architecture in this country. The Peterlee development scheme has greatly benefited from his sense of design and lay-out.

That is the practical value of Pasmore's work and we may well be increasingly thankful for it. But in itself, as an extension of constructivist principles it does not seem enough. The battle was won two decades ago, the point has been made; and meanwhile the mental climate which needed a stable and impersonal art as a kind of panacea for the troubled times, this also has shifted and changed. It has taken four centuries to get clear of the tyranny of the Renaissance. The landscape of the mind still has to be charted and integrated with the landscape of nature. The immensity of this adventure keeps formica firmly in its place.

The Lady's not for Drowning

H. A. L. CRAIG

What has Ibsen to offer us in 1961? Do the famous 'social ideas' that upset the Victorians still touch us? An Act of Parliament has cured our suffragettes and ten million units may cure our syphilis. Every Love-lorn Corner in the women's magazines counsels frankness. On the surface, Ibsen is outdated. His drama of concealment seems a device of theatre, and the ten-year-incubation needed to hatch out every horrid chick in the Ibsen drama seems a cliché on the clock. Ibsen now resembles a pantechnicon delivering one small parcel.

But in the last 18 months we have seen five Ibsen plays. Two are running in London now. What this sour Norwegian has to offer us in 1961 is plain enough; when his parcel is opened it is ourselves who walk out of it. Ibsen's 'social ideas' are still valid because the moral whole is greater than the period parts. He shows men and women bound in social problems, enclosed in domestic situations, but it is not the problem or the situation that is important. It is the human reaction.

The Lady from the Sea (Queen's), with as odd a situation as ever came out of Norse legend, is an exciting revelation of human personality. The Lady might be mermaid, she might at any moment dig up her ten-year-buried tail and slide off a rock, deserting husband and step-children, swimming after

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10.35 'WHAT THE PAPERS SAY'
discussed by Henry Fairlie

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8.55 'BOOTSIE AND SNUDGE'
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GRANADA TV NETWORK

the mysterious steamer, but she will leave behind her as rank an odour of repressed woman and wasted breasts as ever blighted single bed. But before the last word – a woman allowed the right to choose may reject her own obsession – there is much creaking of disjointed symbol. Ambiguity is not a strength in *The Lady from the Sea.*

The interaction of past and present, the sudden discovery of an old repression, the powerful dialogue of implication – the familiar Ibsen qualities are all present as we like and admire them but they are sadly reduced by the advent of a walking dream. The Stranger, the Man from the Sea who materialises to claim the Lady from the Sea, is the weakest character in Ibsen because he is unnecessary. He could wait for 'his' Lady at the local inn, out of our sight, and still do all that the play asks of him. He could speak more clearly by never opening his mouth. John Neville plays this apparition with a handsome and proper stylisation. But even he must groan a little under the impossibility of being both real man and imagined man. Within the slopping sea-boots are troll's feet.

The weakness – if one dares the word – of this powerful play is in the trickiness of its ending. It is over in a glance. The fine elaboration of themes, the hints and the statements, the wedding of fantasy and reality are in the last two minutes thrown aside. It is as if Ibsen, after some hours of magnificent climbing, suddenly passed himself in a lift. I do not quarrel with his conclusions – better sloshing with the brandy doctor than drowning with the demon lover. I quarrel with the method. Ibsen's ending of *The Lady from the Sea* forewent the wonderful patience which was one of the props of his art.

The Ibsen drama depends very much on its playing. It requires a complete humanising of the actors, a rolled 'r' or a rolled eye may send a scene down the drain. Glen Byam Shaw, the producer, assembled a group of actors as good as any at present on the stage. In order of appearance: Esmond Knight, Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Pasco, Joanna Dunham, Andrew Cruickshank, Michael Gwynn, Margaret Leighton, John Neville. In this excellent company there is one who is excellence itself, Vanessa Redgrave.

Miss Redgrave's Boletta is not the leading lady of Ibsen's text, but there is no doubt that the Queen's Theatre is hers. You will rarely see an actress so complete and so beautiful in her part, with so much reality in her gestures, or with so much judgment in everything she does. As for her speaking, her speaking took my breath away. Not far behind Miss Redgrave's performance is that of the other sister, Hilda, played by Joanna Dunham.

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Gramophone Records

DAVID DREW

Philips's four-record set of the Brahms Symphonies conducted by Bruno Walter (ABL 3341-4, or SABL 181-4) should be heard by every lover of Brahms, especially those for whom Walter is not quite the ideal Brahms conductor. The tempi are almost uniformly slower than customary, but within those terms (not revolutionary, but certainly not conventional) there is great consistency. In general, the interpretations grow in power commensurate with Brahms's own growth as a symphonist. The C minor symphony seems to have least claim on Walter's affections, and in the first movement the slowish tempo results in a weakening of the rhythmic tensions. But even here there are marvellous things – the violins' entry in the 20 supremely inspired bars leading back to the coda's tonic pedal has never sounded more thrilling.

It is odd that some of the things in Brahms which one would expect to appeal most to a conductor of Walter's sensibility seem to find him almost inhibited. The grand design of the architecture, the tragedy in its widest sense and the energy in its most constructive – these evoke a ready response; but in some of those passages of repose where an inner tension is the very thing which gives the idea its breadth, Walter allows that tension to disperse. I am thinking of such things as the mighty arch of the first violins' summation in the coda to the opening movement of the D major symphony. It is hard to believe that if this *espressivo* paragraph had appeared in a Mahler symphony – to which, indeed, it would not be wholly foreign – Walter would have phrased it in so restrained a manner.

One of Walter's greatest virtues is his profound polyphonic sense. His concern for each and every voice, whether principal or subsidiary, is always evident. In the First Symphony, and to a lesser extent in the Second and Third, it sometimes leads him to overwork passages which are essentially homophonic. By giving too much attention to purely accompanimental figures, he suggests a function that is not really there, and thus detracts from the principal line.

The still astonishing structural tautness of the Fourth Symphony is likely to benefit most from Walter's method, and indeed the first three movements are the most consistently satisfying and masterly achievement in the whole set. Again, the opening movement is on the slow side, but the tension, and the attention, is all there.

Unhappily, and contrary to all that one might expect, the final Passacaglia does not convince. As early as the fourth variation, the shaping of the *largamente* melody (with a *diminuendo* at the cadence) seems almost hasty, despite the tempo. In the eighth and ninth variations, the violin semiquavers are so overstressed that the texture, and, incidentally the intonation, is upset and both the Passacaglia theme and the subsidiary voices suffer. But more serious than this is the failure of the twelfth and subsequent *dolce* variations, which causes the movement to sag at its very centre.

Nonetheless, these recordings are plainly the work of a great conductor, and there is much we can learn from them. Even at their least successful, they give us more of Brahms than Walter vouchsafes on one of his very rare off-days: for instance, in his recording with Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and the New York Philharmonic, of the great Double Concerto (Philips ABL 3289). He has now made a new recording of this work with Francescatti and Fournier. This recording is in the same series as the Symphonies (ABL 3345 or SABL 185), and with the same orchestra, a specially assembled body entitled 'Columbia Symphony Orchestra'. I do not wish to dwell upon the deficiencies of the earlier recording from Walter's point of view, but one only has to compare the extraordinarily lax and under-characterised accompaniment to the cello's first statement of the first subject of the opening movement, with the lightly dancing treatment of the same passage in the later recording, to sense the difference between an interpretation and a mere performance.

There is, however, a considerable argument for hearing *both* performances of the Double Concerto. The partnership of Stern and Rose is manifestly better suited to Brahms's remarkable intentions than that of Francescatti and Fournier. Whereas Brahms's very special conception of the solo-tutti relationship depends at many points on the total integration of the two so diverse protagonists (who thus become giants enough to challenge without fear, or to continue without break, the argument of the orchestra), the musical personalities of Francescatti and Fournier are in many ways incompatible: and when compatibility is forced on them, as in the opening of the Andante, life is forced out, on both sides. How different the playing of Stern and Rose, at once strongly unified in concert, and strongly contrasted in the chamber-musical textures!

A Couple of Sellers

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Peter Sellers is a man of so many parts – most of them other people's – such a magpie or parrot of genius, that the prospect of a film not merely with him but directed by him is bound to attract. His previous venture has been *The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film.* How would he take to story and feature?

Mr Topaze, at the Carlton, is the answer: odd choice, one may think, from a pre-war Pagnol play, already twice filmed in France. Not that Sellers doesn't start off, 'from the French', in his best vein. A bearded, spectacled little schoolmaster, in long-shot from the roofs, marches his pupils back along the pavements from some expedition. Soon he is breathlessly aware of the headmaster's daughter across the corridor: shall he dare all and offer that very night to take *her* exercise books home to correct? As the eager, timid, incorruptible victim of a rapacious headmaster and hard-hearted boys, he seems set; and this part of the film, with a glistening headmaster in Leo McKern, is very charming and funny in its Thirtyish mode.

But then he gets the sack. Sellers, as director and actor, can make a fresh start. In a neighbouring château a crook politician-businessman (Herbert Lom) fights to keep his songstress (Nadia Gray) from spending money that should go for graft. There are complications, until finally Sellers (having presumably been directing like mad) reappears on the scene and, irresistible drunk and sober, is lured into signing on as a stooge company director. After that he goes to Paris, gets smart in more ways than one, and emerges in Sellers Role Two: plump, trim-bearded, suave, corrupt to the core, and back he comes to his earlier haunts to smash the crook politician and proclaim to his old school colleague that money can buy everything. There the film – disjointed despite its smoothness, brilliant in spots – leaves off. How far Sellers can restrict himself to one part or one film remains in the air.

A new home for international films arises in the Playhouse, Hampstead – refitted for the occasion – which has always shown marked independence and awareness of its locality. Next Monday opens a programme of new films with extended runs, the first choice being *Stars*, an East German-Bulgarian production that won praise at the Cannes, Edinburgh and London festivals. Its director is Konrad Wolf, whose father directed *Professor Mamlock*.

A trainload of Jews arrives at a Bulgarian border town, for a halt on the way to Auschwitz. And a Nazi sergeant (Jurgen Frohiep) in the town, who doesn't give the Heil Hitler, soon shows traces of the good German by falling in love with a Jewess (Sasha Krousharska) and getting mixed up with partisans. Their talks and courtship, on midnight walks outside the wires with a trooper trailing behind, bring him back to humanity; and by a final irony, with her escape planned, the train moves on early.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,622 **Set by Scythrop**

Here is L's body, from his soul asunder;
He once was on the turf, and now is under

runs Scrope Davis's epitaph on a racing man. The usual prizes are offered for an appropriate couplet for the tomb of an enthusiast in any other sport. Entries by 4 April.

Result of No. 1,619. Set by Peter Pimlico

To meet the requirements of the current run of late-night sittings, the usual prizes are offered for a lullaby, or for a reveille song, for a backbench MP. Not more than 12 lines.

Report

Reveillé songs and lullabies came in in about equal numbers. The former included parodies of 'Vitai Lampada' and the 'Internationale', though neither quite came off. E. O. Parrott's reminiscence of Housman – very nearly won a prize. Of the lullabies, I liked Nancy Gunter's last line, 'Count Chil-

LONDON

On Independent Television
next Thursday at 9.35 p.m.

A BLOW TO THE HEAD

by David Boisseau

Next Thursday's play is a comedy on school life written and directed by David Boisseau. It tells the delightful story of how a headmaster's tyranny is overcome by those he intended to victimise. The methods they employ can be described as being in the best tradition of the lighter side of school life! They provide the main action of a play which, in itself, is an example of the wide range of dramatic styles and subjects presented by Associated-Rediffusion from London. Colin Gordon, Lally Bowers, Peter Vaughan, Charles Lloyd Pack, David Horne star in next Thursday's Television Playhouse with Brian Hewlett and William Simons.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION
London's Television, Monday to Friday

tern Hundreds of Slumberland sheep', and I was much entertained by Geoffrey Parker's 'Lullaby translated and freely adapted from "Babushka's Little Red Baba" (Trad. Russian)':

> Good night, good morning, little true blue one,
> Sleep on little pink face, n'er foot will rock our own best party,
> No icy winds can change or harm her,
> Sleep, constituency flower, my own little platoon commander,
> Till the bells of morn again ring out their message.
> Count, count away the yeahing wolves over the green benches,
> Our peaceful sheep eat safe fodder in the right lobby . . .

First prize (three guineas) undoubtedly to A. M. Robertson for his two entries. The rest of the prize money to be divided among the others below.

Enoch, Selwyn, Rab and Mac
Bless my limbs and aching back.
Four leaders at my head
For whose sake I'll miss my bed:
One to soothe and one to say,
And two to make poor patients pay.

Selwyn, Enoch, Mac and Rab
Here's some more for you to grab:
Fourpence on each box of pills,
Fourpence more on all refills,
A penny each for all the quacks,
And two bob off my income-tax . . .

Get up! There's a sudden division, old boy;
At last we can force a decision, old boy.
To get this Bill through
Means profit for you,
For surtax is due for revision, old boy.

Then awake, and get up off the floor, old boy;
It's nearly a quarter to four, old boy.
After rackety nights
The best of delights
Is to pinch a few pence from the poor, old boy!

After an Irish Melody of Tom Moore

A. M. ROBERTSON

Relax, you are asleep, relax.
Forget the strife, forget the facts;
Rhodesia's solved, there's no more tax.
Relax, you are asleep, relax.

Your eyes are closed; I wave my wand.
There's nothing wrong in our great land,
For Daddy Mac has all in hand.
Your eyes are closed; I wave my wand.

Your minds are blank, you are prostrate.
Don't fear the strain of hours so late,
You're living in a welfare state.
Your minds are blank, you are prostrate.

J. O. MYERS

Sleep, my little Politician!
Round thee many a member mute
Rests in an uncouth position,
Towsled Wigg and crumpled Foot.
Legislators now are lying
On their backs (or on their feet),
On the floor the fur is flying,
Here alone is slumber sweet.

Here the foe becomes a neighbour,
Linked in stertorous comradeship;
Tories here have rest from Labour,
And the slave forgets the Whip.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Hush-a-bye, Hansard, under Big Ben,
Nabarro is snoring like six other men.
That would have been a mighty fine speech,
But Speaker was blind, so you're back on the beach.
When the Whips call, the Member will fly,
Sheep to say 'No' and the goats to say 'Aye'.
When the bell tolls, divided we stand,
A 'pair' in the House is worth two in the hand.
But when the jig's up, see the guillotine fall,
And down will come Gaitskell, Grimond and all.

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Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Let's hope that the Labour Party will take its own document on *Science and the Future of Britain* very seriously indeed. I had better make my own position clear at the outset by acknowledging that I am an extremist, believing that if any radical policy is to have any long-term meaning nowadays it has to be spelled out, almost from scratch, in terms of current scientific and technological trends. I don't care whether it is defence, the care of old people, forms of taxation or colonial policy: it has to be related to the new world which is being created, willy-nilly, by the progress of science.

And there it is, in the pamphlet published this week: 'We shall not realise Labour's fundamental aim of democratic Socialism in a world of peace, unless we make the shrewdest use of science and technology.' If the words mean what they say – and, believe me, they do – this is where Socialist thinking at all levels, should begin. But will it? I must admit I would sooner have seen a pamphlet on foreign policy, or town planning, or anything other than science *per se,* which was demonstrably infected with the same bug. The Labour Party can push science as hard as it likes but, if it keeps it wrapped up in a tight little parcel, the pushing may help science and British industry, but not Socialism.

Nevertheless, the publication of this pamphlet, which is the work of a small group of scientists and others, is very much to be welcomed, provided that no one thinks that thereby any responsibilities have been discharged. It gives a great deal of practical advice on a great many points which are, or ought to be, issues of the moment. Many of them need hardly be party matters at all, were it not that, time and again, the necessary course appears to be a Socialist one. Unified systems of transport and power production; drastic government intervention in the machine-tool industry; co-ordinated action on water supplies; a re-orientation of the Health Service towards preventive medicine rather than therapy; a social science research council; even a great enlargement of our forests – these are all things which ought to be self-evidently necessary, but which in practice are likely to remain party issues.

It is difficult to single out particular points from *Science and the Future of Britain,* because almost everything on which it touches really matters. However, it would be a pity if, in noticing the call for a fourfold increase in the output of scientists and engineers in the next ten years (and an even greater increase in technicians), the reader were to overlook the demand to end premature specialisation in schools and teach all children the habit of scientific thinking. 'By confining education in basic science to the Grammar school stream, we are establishing a new privileged class. Moreover, we are wasting our greatest resource – the technical skill of our working population.'

Socialists, however non-scientific or anti-scientific they may be, certainly ought to sit up and take notice. The creation of a Scientific and Technical Planning Board, in the Ministry for Science, is urgently necessary to help to ensure that the government's industrial, economic and social policies take full account of science; yet such a Board, even if it were manned by people as socially well-meaning as the scientists who contributed to the Labour Party document, could become the cornerstone of the technocracy. It need not do so, provided the Minister for Science has self-confidence about the matters he deals with, and provided parliament and the electorate are inclined neither to bow before the experts nor turn up their noses.

Science is going to become even more 'forbidding', in the layman's sense, in the years to come; and, although I know demands for better education are too often used as a substitute for attempts to do anything about the adult electorate, our children will be in for a really rough time at the hands of the technocrats if they too have to take the expert's word for everything.

A new interest in science could not rescue the Labour Party from its present difficulties. One of the reasons I shall be marching from Aldermaston again this Easter is that neither the government's nor the opposition's defence policy takes any proper account of perfectly obvious developments in weapons technology, or of the real nature of our scientific rivalry with the Communist powers. But if, somehow, the party survives there is no doubt where it should turn if it wants to find the clues to a policy of public ownership, prosperity, welfare and a Socialist attitude to foreign affairs, which could capture the imagination of the British public.

City Lights

TAURUS

Central bankers' law continues to rule the foreign exchange markets. In the first ten days after the German revaluation the Swiss alone absorbed no less than $300m; the Swiss National Bank admitted last week that it had built up its dollar holdings without converting into gold on the assumption that the flow of hot money would soon reverse itself. This informal arrangement for helping out the dollar has now been complemented by a more formal arrangement between European central bankers to help out each other's currencies – the pound, presumably, in particular. The markets are uneasily quiet.

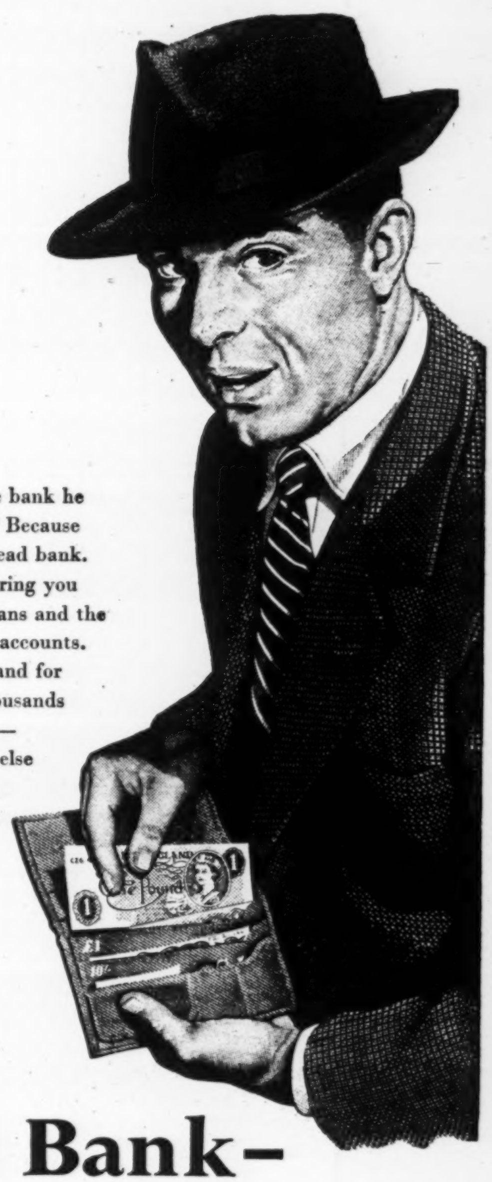
These emergency methods have shown themselves to be temporarily effective, but they are no substitute for a wider agreement; some means is needed of quickly transferring reserves from surplus to deficit countries, and there is little doubt – given the frictions which which always slow down a transfer – that some increase in the total level of world reserves is needed as well. Sterling, in any case, cannot hope to gain much from first-aid. The greater part of the hot money which came in during 1960 was not added to the reserve but spent in covering a payments deficit, and will have to be repaid; in the same way, while the deficit persists, any emergency help lent to the exchange rate by European bankers will sometime have to be repaid.

There is a positive disadvantage in such arrangements if they help to maintain the government in its complacency. The position of the dollar would be improved if the Germans were to act more forcefully to make money easier and bring down interest rates, but the revaluation has made this less likely. The German central bank would probably have been willing; but Dr Erhard, who is much more interested in his domestic miracle than in outside complaints about it, brought the scale down on the side of revaluation; he can now argue that Germany has done its best and that a further cut in interest rates would be dangerously inflationary.

* * *

Dr Verwoerd's decision to take South Africa out of the Commonwealth gave another jolt to Kaffir prices but had very little other effect on the City. Half the Union's trade is with the Sterling Area, most of it with Britain and nearly all of it financed here; the Union will naturally be anxious to retain the advantages of imperial preference and membership of the Sterling Area, and the government – recalling that Dr Verwoerd resigned only to save it from embarrassment – will be anxious to meet its wishes. South African gold is sold through London voluntarily because it is the biggest market with the highest average price and the bulk of it will continue to be sold there. The only immediate change may be that South African government and municipal stocks will no longer qualify for trustee status. For the Union itself, the main risk is that withdrawal from the Commonwealth may further increase the known uneasiness of foreign investors.

An outflow of capital last year – mainly sales of mining shares by Congo-conscious European investors – caused the reserve to fall sharply and forced the Union government to borrow from the International



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Monetary Fund. The outflow may now accelerate.

* * *

Share prices in London and Wall Street are within touching distance of the highest levels ever reached. The markets are rising for roughly similar reasons. Wall Street continued to rise when a fierce winter aggravated the recession and when the new Administration – anxious to sell economic unorthodoxy to Congress while unemployment still stood at 5.5m – was painting the outlook in the gloomiest colours it could find. Signs are now multiplying that the bottom of the recession has been passed and Wall Street may well burst triumphantly through its high – though it would not be surprising if it then collapsed for a brief rest.

On this side of the Atlantic the London market is being pushed gradually up by signs that HP relaxations and an early spring may cause the economy to begin sprouting sooner than anyone had expected: its only fear is that the government, anxious about exports, may begin cutting back again. The City has talked itself into expecting great things from the Budget – payroll levies and sales taxes as well as straightforward surtax relief. Mr Lloyd is to be either a big hit or a big flop.

Company News

Shell's profit margins are still contracting, but its sales are up, it is raising its dividend from 23¾ per cent to the 25 per cent expected, and it is making an unexpected one-for-five scrip issue as well.

British Petroleum is taking over Kern Oil from Rio Tinto: the acquisition will further increase its stake in Trinidad and Canadian oil.

General Electric, in the course of its circular on the Sobell bid, has said that profits for the year will be significantly less than was suggested at the time of the interim statement: at that time it was merely suggested that profits for the year would be somewhat lower.

Debenhams has denied again that the rise in its share price means that it is going to be taken over by Mr Hugh Fraser.

The *Courage & Barclay* share price has risen steadily since the company beat Mr Taylor's United Breweries to control of Bristol Brewery Georges – the story is that Mr Taylor will try to swallow both together.

Cement share prices have been helped by the Restrictive Practices Court's decision to approve the industry's price-fixing scheme.

British Nylon Spinners, jointly owned by ICI and Courtaulds, has reported another 11 per cent increase in trading profit but hinted that things are getting more difficult.

De Beers, issuing group figures in its preliminary statement for the first time, has reported a drop – partly due to the need to write down the value of its South African investments.

Fox recently sold out its interests in the Rank group; Warner Brothers has now sold one million of the three million out of eight million shares in *Associated British Picture* which it holds.

Philips Lamps offers a very low yield because of its excellent growth record: the shares have fallen sharply on the forecast that sales will rise rather less this year and that stiffer competition and higher costs will eat into margins.

The *Halifax* raised its total of mortgage advances last year from £81.5m to £102.5m.

The Chess Board

No. 593. Fact and Fiction

I think I have used this headline many years ago, but it was certainly more than once that I have tried to stress the practical value of endgame studies. It is pleasant enough to enjoy the aesthetic thrill of inspecting (or, better still, solving) an endgame study, but it may be very useful too when the knowledge of its basic idea helps us to cope with some difficult ending in a match game. Such knowledge being embedded in our subconscious mind we may not even be aware of the fact that a certain ½ point would not have been gained or saved but for our knowledge of a relevant endgame study seen many years ago. An interesting case in point occurred in last year's Finnish championship when Keto – White against Aaltonen – reached this position. /5k2/3KR3/5P1P/32/7r/. After just a few moves of aimless fumbling White grasped the proper idea.

1) P-R7, R-Q8 ch; 2) K-K6, R-K8 ch; 3) K-Q6, R-Q8 ch; 4) K-B6, R-QB8 ch; 5) K-Q7, R-Q8 ch; 6) K-B8!, R-Q1 ch; 7) K-B7, R-QB1 ch; 8) K-Q7, R-Q1 ch; 9) K-K6, R-Q3 ch; 10) K-B5!, RxP ch; 11) K-Kt5!, resigns.

If Keto found this over the board it would be very creditable, but it seems more likely that he remembered one of the most famous endgame studies in chess literature, composed by Dr. A. Mandler. It was a 1st prize winner in a Czech Study-Competition (Narodni Listy) in 1929. Here it is: /2k5/1r4p1/3RP1P1/2K5/32/. To win this ending against best play takes as much as 32 moves.

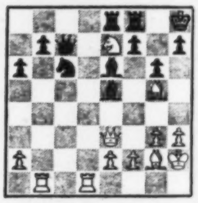
1) R-Q5!, R-R2; 2) K-Q4, R-R5 ch; 3) K-K5, R-R2; 4) K-B5, R-QB2; 5) R-Q4, R-R2; 6) K-B4, R-Kt2; 7) K-K5, R-R2; 8) R-Q5, R-QB2; 9) K-Q6, K-Q1; 10) R-KB5, R-Q2 ch!; 11) K-K5, R-Q8; 12) R-B8 ch, K-K2; 13) R-B7 ch, K-K1; 14) RxP, R-K8 ch; 15) K-B5, R-B8 ch; 16) K-Kt4, R-Kt8 ch; 17) K-R3, K-Q1; 18) K-R4, R-R8 ch; 19) K-Kt3, R-Kt8 ch; 20) K-B2, R-Kt4; 21) R-Q7 ch, K-K1!; 22) P-Kt7, R-B4 ch; 23) K-K3, R-K4 ch; 24) K-Q4, R-K5 ch; 25) K-B5, R-B5 ch; 26) K-Kt6, R-Kt5 ch; 27) K-R7, R-R5 ch; 28) K-Kt8, R-R1 ch; 29) K-B7, R-B1 ch; 30) K-Q6, R-B3 ch; 31) K-K5, RxP ch; 32) K-B5! and wins.

I hope our competitors are duly grateful for having been spared the chore of sweating this out for a mere seven ladder-points. The basic idea, anyway, is simple enough and likely to stick in one's memory; and just as such memories may prove their practical value in an actual game, just so the study-composer when soaring to his flights of fancy, may have some actual position in mind, or at any rate some potential variation of a game he has played or seen. Here's a case in point. /8/5r2/8/7Kt/4p3/5k2/7B/7K/. This is the final version of a study composed by A. Akerblom, the great Swedish problemist, in 1952. It won 1st prize in a *Tidskrift för Schack* tourney. The solution:

1) Kt-Kt3, P-K6; 2) B-Kt1!, R-R2 ch; 3) B-R2, R-Q2!; 4) B-Kt1!, R-Q8; 5) Kt-B5!, P-K7; 6) Kt-R4 ch, K-Kt6; 7) Kt-Kt2, R-KB 8; 8) Kt-K1! RxKt; stalemate.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win very neatly in a mere three moves. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are draws, neither of them very difficult and each of them remarkable for ideas that may well occur in a game no less than in a study. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 April.

A: Lothar Schmid 1957



B: R. Voia, 1959: /16/7K/8/k7/6b1/1pP1R3/8/.

C: W. H. J. v. d. Stok, 1938: /78/5k1p/5P2/6Pp/p2P1p2/3K4/16/.

REPORT on No. 590. Set 3 March

A: 1) . . . KtxP; 2) PxKt, QxP ch; 3) K-B2, B-K8 ch etc.

B: K-B4, K-Kt2; 2) RP=Q!!, RxQ; 3) K-K5, K-B2; 4) K-Q6, K-K1; 5) K-B6 (threatening K-Kt7), R-B1; 6) K-Q6!, R-R1; K-B6 etc.

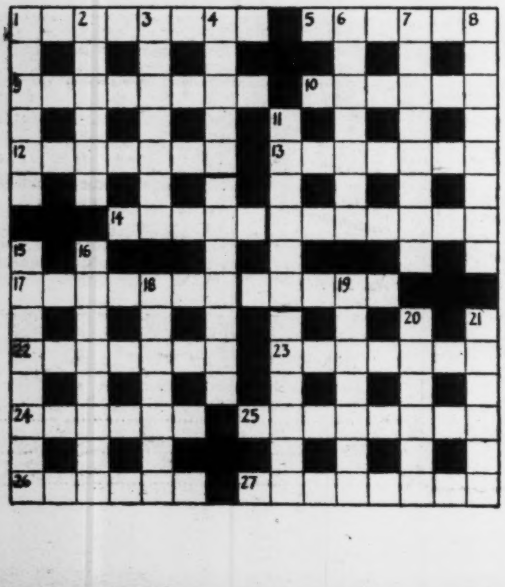
C: 1) Kt-K6 ch!, PxKt; 2) P-Q7, P-R7; 3) P=Q, P=Q; 4) QxP ch, K-R1; 5) Q-B8 ch, K-R2; 6) Q-B7 ch, R-Kt2; 7) Q-B1!!, Q-R5 (best); 8) Q-Q3 ch, K-R1; 9) Q-Q8 ch, K-R2; 10) Q-KR8 ch!! etc.

An easy lot and masses of correct solutions. Prizes: C. H. Brown, J. R. Harman, J. Mitchell, K. M. Pollock, C. Sansom, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 450

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 450, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 4 April.



ACROSS

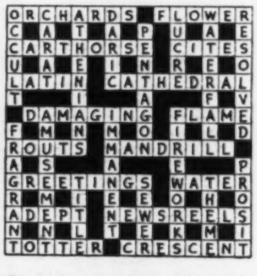
1. Places which are not profound a saint renders holy (8).
5. Causes amazement when a drink goes in seconds (6).
9. The likeness finally reveals a characteristic (8).
10. 'No nightly —— or breathed spell' (Milton) (6).
12. The baby's outfit puts you in the middle of the clatter (7).
13. Supporter who is a fabulous creature (7).
14. Golf scores providing inaccurate statistics (5, 7).
17. Place which makes the tea circle angry (7, 5).
22. 'Shout with the ——', replied Mr. Pickwick (7).
23. Part of the body contorted in elation (7).
24. Author who puts the alternative nicely (6).
25. Coin without a device for the afflicted (8).
26. Street lights for those who are lost (6).
27. Place which is so backward before we make an effort about society (8).

DOWN

1. Furnish flexibly (6).
2. Displays starting with sunrise and sundown (6).
3. Learning with sober love for school (7).
4. Pieces which are the opposite of modern weapons (5, 7).
6. Fish which is hot on making mistakes (7).
7. Study on a French town provides geographical data (8).
8. The revision of set rents is the most severe (8).
11. A dull fellow declares for the neutrals (6, 6).
15. Concessions including an appeal for shells (8).
16. The more bigoted are possibly rarer now (8).
18. Preferably half live with a friend (7).
19. Unable to produce results from whichever master I learn (7).
20. Ship for Enright's hero (6).
21. Close-fitting with the joint in the middle (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 448



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 448

W. Webber (North Harrow)
C. M. B. Stark (Falkirk)
Miss S. Turner (London W12)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words). minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HM TREASURY (ECONOMIC SECTION)

Appointments as (a) ECONOMIC ADVISER (at least 2 posts) and (b) ECONOMIC ASSISTANT (at least 2 posts), for work on economic trends at home and overseas, are offered to men or women with 1st or 2nd class honours degrees in Economics or related subjects. Age on 1.4.61: (a) at least 30, (b) at least 21 and preferably under 30. Candidates for (a) should have experience in teaching economics, in research, or in an economic advisory capacity. Final year students may apply for (b). Salary scales: (a) £1,781-£2,483, (b) £793-£1,282; starting salary according to age and experience. Initial appointment for 5 years, or less by arrangement. FSSU.

Application forms, obtainable from Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1 (quote 5281/61), should be returned by 17 April 1961 for Economic Adviser and 18 May 1961 for Economic Assistant.

SOLICITOR

A young Solicitor is required to work in the Legal Department at the London office of a large undertaking. The work is varied and interesting, and men of more than average ability are required. Preferably applicants should not be more, or much more, than 30 years of age, and a March Finalist would be suitable. The starting salary will be between £1,000 and £1,500 a year depending on ability and experience; there is a superannuation scheme.

An applicant who wants to make a career in the undertaking will have excellent opportunities to accept responsibility and to gain promotion, including, in due course, appointment to one of the senior posts, some of which are in London, and some outside, and in which salaries are paid substantially in excess of the figures quoted above.

Write giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience to Box 1705.

Closing date 10 April 1961.

DERBYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

(amended advertisement)

Youth Training and Sports Centre

Applications are invited for the post of PRINCIPAL of a new residential youth training and sports centre at Lea Green near Matlock, Derbyshire.

The Centre will provide courses and conferences for the Youth Service, including leadership courses, and specialised coaching in games and athletics. The Principal should be a person of wide interests, preferably a graduate, able to stimulate in young people intellectual curiosity, an interest in the creative arts and enthusiasm for physical skills. The Principal need not be an athlete: the assistant staff will include qualified teachers of physical education. Salary on Burnham Scale, Group IV Headship (i.e. £875-£1,550 according to experience and qualifications).

Applicants wives may also be considered for the post of HOUSEKEEPER. (Salary within the scale £620-£740).

Full particulars and a form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education. Closing date for the receipt of applications is 7 April 1961.

J. L. LONGLAND
Director of Education.
County Offices,
Matlock.

ESSEX
COURTS YOUTH CENTRE, OCKENDEN

Applications are invited for the post of full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (female) at this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and other subjects, and recreational activities, for over six hundred members. Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth Work and/or teaching. Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., with additions for training and Graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Acting Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex. Closing date 4 April 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ESSEX
WELLINGTON AVENUE YOUTH CENTRE, CHINGFORD

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of the above Youth Centre which offers formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for over 1,000 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching.

Salary in accordance with Grade V the Committee's scales for Wardens of Youth Centres viz. £1,025 x £30(6) x x £20(1) to £1,225 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions, London Allowance is payable.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 4 April 1961.

COLDEAST & TATCHBURY MOUNT
Hospital Management Committee

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST required at this Hospital Group for the mentally subnormal (1,359 beds). Salary and conditions as Whitley Council Scale – £1,025 x £50(8) to £1,425 p.a. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology of a British University or other qualification approved by the Ministry of Health, and appropriate experience as laid down in PTA 72. This post presents an opportunity for the organisation and development of the group's psychological services. Written applications, naming two referees to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Nr Southampton.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
GRANTLEY HALL ADULT COLLEGE, NR RIPON

POST OF DEPUTY WARDEN

Applications are invited from men and women for the above post. The College holds short residential courses in a wide variety of subjects and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required, will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. Applicants should be graduates, with teaching and organising ability, interest in people and contemporary problems. Personal qualities may be more important than experience. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale – £520 x £27 10s. x £40(1) £1,000 per annum plus full board residence and most attractive rooms in the College.

Further particulars and application forms which should be returned before 11 April 1961, obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Men and Women are placed most successfully when they go into an organisation of good standing, in a field of work which really interests them.

Our interviewers' skill helps many to achieve this through

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
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RESEARCH Appointments in the Civil Service. Pensionable posts for men and women as (a) Senior Research Officer (1 post); (b) Research Officers (3 posts); and (c) Assistant Research Officers (at least 17 posts); also some unestablished (FSSU) posts in all three grades. Age on 1.4.61: at least 21 and normally under 28 for (c); at least 30 for (a) and (b), but exceptionally well qualified candidates aged 28-30 may be considered. Post (c) are in Home Office (3), Ministry of Defence (5), and Board of Trade (at least 9); all other posts are in Home Office. Duties involve collection and analysis of information bearing on sociological and criminological problems or on defence or economic policy, and the preparation of reports. Qualifications: normally 1st or 2nd class honours degree, preferably in Economics, Geography, Statistics, or kindred subject, or with law, sociology, psychology, or statistics as a main subject. For posts (a) and (b) practical experience of social or psychological research, or of research involving similar methods, essential. Final year students may apply. National salary scales: (a) £1,716-£2,340; (b) £1,342-£1,654; (c) £728-£1,222. Starting salary may be above minimum in each case. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W1 for further particulars and application form, quoting 317/61. Closing date 14 April 1961.

LADY typist wanted: interesting secretarial position with theatrical company. No touring. Box 1703.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNITED Kingdom Technical Assistance. Instructor – Training of Information Service Staff – required by The Government of the Northern Region of Nigeria. Applicants should have experience of publicity work, especially journalism and script writing, and if possible, of exhibition work. Salary £2,000 p.a. plus tax free allowances of £1,650 (married) or £975 (single). Free furnished accommodation or allowance in lieu. All emoluments paid by British Government. Duration: 18 months in first instance. Apply to Ministry of Labour (E.9), 26 King St, SW1, quoting NIG/121.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureships/Senior Lectureships in Law. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Law. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x £95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x £105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A36 p.a.). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Candidates should be well qualified in the teaching of English Language. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75 each. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Travel and other removal expenses are allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applns close, in New Zealand and London, on 19 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education – The Institute propose to appoint a Staff Tutor to be mainly concerned with its course for the Institute Certificate for Approved School Housemasters. Experience with mentally or physically handicapped or maladjusted children or of residential work with children will be an advantage. The courses are held at the Institute in Newcastle and at Aycliffe School and other approved schools in the North East. The appointment will, in the first instance, be for five years. The person appointed will be required to take up duties on 1 September 1961. Initial salary within the range £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,550(bar) x £75 to £1,850 per year, with family allowances and FSSU. Further particulars may be obtained from The Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, to whom applications (12 copies), together with names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent so as to reach him by Saturday, 8 April 1961. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only).

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute propose to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £800 to £1,650 per year according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on 1 October 1961. The Institute will welcome proposals for work on any aspect of educational research including educational sociology and allied fields of study. Superannuation under the FSSU or otherwise can be arranged. Twelve copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including twelve copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with The Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than Saturday, 8 April 1961. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only).

WEST London College of Commerce, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill Road, London, W8. Lecturer required as soon as possible to undertake supervision of a College branch and to teach Commercial Subjects to final professional level. University degree and/or Professional qualification required. A legal qualification would be an added recommendation. Salary scale = £1,408 – £1,601. Application forms from Secretary to be returned to Principal within two weeks. Please quote (FE3a/N/636/3). Applicants for this post who applied in January should write direct to the Principal stating if they still wish to be considered.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Ward Aides required. Applicants should be of good appearance, well-spoken and used to answering the telephone. 44 hours per week. No evening duties. Apply to Matron.

SECRETARY wanted for National Newspaper. Good speeds essential, knowledge of Scandinavian languages or German or French an advantage. Good salary, five-day week. Please write Box 1684.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

LONDON County Council. Child Welfare Officer for Adoption Work. A second child welfare officer required for work under the new powers granted to local authorities by Adoption Act, 1958, to arrange adoptions of children not in care. Person appointed may be later transferred to work covering the full range of children's casework (including adoption); in addition to having had good experience of all aspects of adoption work candidates must therefore be capable of undertaking all the duties of a field-worker in a Children's Department and hold, with requisite experience, recognised child career casework qualifications. £740-£1,060 according to qualifications and experience. Forms and details from Children's Officer, (E.1/N/654/3), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 14 April 1961.

LONDON County Council. Adventure Playground in South London. Assistant leader required immediately; evenings in term-time and full time school holidays. Application forms (giving rates of pay, obtainable from Education Officer, (PS.8/N/768/3), County Hall, SE1) should be completed and returned as soon as possible.

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Vacancy in Children's Libraries. Applications invited from junior library assistants with experience in children's library work for training in St Pancras Children's Libraries. GCE (O) in 5 subjects or 3 at 'O' Level and one at 'A' Level (inc. Eng. Lang.). Two additional increments granted above normal commencing salary in General Division whilst under training in Children's Libraries. Promotion to Assistant Children's Librarian (APT Grade I – £645-£815) upon securing one part of Registration Exam. General particulars and application forms from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1. (TER. 7070).

SECRETARY/Computer required for London University Psychological Research project. Shorthand/typing with willingness to use calculating machine and tabulate data: arranging appointments and reception duties. Salary on scale £600 x £25 – £750. Four weeks' holiday. Further particulars from and applications to Dr Dixon, University of London Institute of Education, Malet St, WC1, as quickly as possible.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead. Active retired nurse also considered. Salary Whitley scale or higher. Excell. accommodation and every comfort provided. Box 1571.

SURREY. Required April or September, a woman (or man) to take a responsible part in a small, expanding progressive school near London. Main work with under 12's, art and crafts ability desirable. All year residence suitable for person with own child. Apply Principal, New Sherwood School, Worple Road, Epsom.

BODENHAM Manor School, Bodenham, Near Hereford. Vacancies exist for two teachers, man and woman, at this School for 32 maladjusted boys from the ages of 8 years. Salary Burnham scale, plus full emoluments for extra duties. For full particulars apply to: Mrs H. A. Rees, 23 Laburnum Rd, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

THE New School, King's Langley, Herts, Member of the Rudolf Steiner Schools Fellowship, requires responsible assistant (single man) in boarding hostel to commence summer term 1961. (King's Langley 2505).

PROGRESSIVE Settlement requires young Secretary/Personal Assistant to Warden. She will help develop new projects – old people's workshop, TV discussion groups, prison after-care, etc. Good salary; 5-day week. Apply David W. A. Collett, WU Settlement, 44-47 Nelson Square, London, SE1. WAT. 5958.

FINE Art Publishing. Small, established specialist publishing house requires General Manager for a new division of the business. Editorial flair and scholarship combined with an ability to project and sell books at top level on the Continent of Europe will be given ample scope and reward. Write fully in confidence Box 1749.

PRINTING Business, West London – Community owned by a staff of forty, has vacancy for a Company Secretary (m. or f.). Some accounting ability. Experience of estimating and costing. Need for Christian leadership, and readiness to put ideals before high income. Box 1657.

ART Publishers' retail department has vacancy for assistant of good general education, intelligence, sense of responsibility and knowledge of typing. Applications to Box 1659.

MEDICAL journal requires fully qualified secretary, preferably with editorial experience. Good educational background essential. Very pleasant working conditions. Box 1702.

THE Scientific Film Association requires a clerical assistant (female) for duties with small permanent secretariat. Typing desirable. Commencing salary £440 p.a. Applications to the General Secretary, SFA, 3 Belgrave Square, London, SW1.

SHORTHAND/typist for editorial office national Sunday newspaper. 5-day week (Tues.-Sat.), 10-5.30 p.m. Salary from 8 gns at 18 to £11 12s. 6d. at 21 and over. 3 weeks holiday, current arrangements honoured. Write: Managing Editor, Reynolds News, Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. A knowledge of shorthand would be useful. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applics to Manageress.

SECRETARY wanted by editor of perfumery trade journal. Good hours. Some work could be done at home. Might suit married woman. Please state salary desired. F. V. Wells, 42 Gerrard Street, W1.

PUBLISHER seeks secretary with proficient shorthand. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, SW7.

BOOKSELLER, Central, needs secretary, accurate typing essential. Good salary, no Saturdays, L.V.'s. Full details please to Box 746.

VARSITY History Honours man sought as coach and help for gentleman London area when reading 'Dictionary of National Biography' articles on famous statesmen and others in English History; one really interested himself too in such a fascinating job; references to Box 1780.

EXPERIENCED Thesis typist for homework. Telephone essential. Please write, sending sample, to Dutton's Secretarial Service Ltd, 92 Gt Russell St, WC1.

EMBASSY requires Secretary with degree in English. Good knowledge of French. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EPIGRAFF II may be a non-starter but you can be sure of being placed through the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIAL Worker, male, age 25, MA & Social Science Certificate plus fluent French, at present with Local Authority Mental Health Service, seeks post of interesting & challenging nature, with opportunity of periodic foreign travel. Based London. Owner car-driver. Box 1674.

FRUSTRATED, intelligent & adaptable young man (25) with architectural training, extensive knowledge of theatre and politics seeks demanding post in any of these fields, anywhere. Fulfilment more important than salary. Box 1497.

GENTLEMAN 54, widower, unlimited time, energy, no ties, would welcome duties responsible, confidential, secretarial (sh./typg) nature, home/overseas. Occupation more important than remuneration. Excel. bus., personal, bankers' refs. Box 1754

INTELL. woman 32 sks few hrs interesting work 2-3 mornings p.w. Box 1652.

STUDENTSHIPS & FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INSTITUTE OF COMMONWEALTH STUDIES

Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies for research on a topic relating to the social, economic or political problems or the recent history of the Commonwealth (or any part of it). The value of the Fellowship, tenable for one year with the possibility of extension, will lie in the range £750-£1,200. Three copies of applications, with the names of two referees, should reach the Secretary of the Institute (from whom further particulars may be obtained) 27 Russell Square, WC1, not later than 1 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

Sir John Mactaggart Fellowship in Economics of Housing

Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowship. The stipend will be not more than £1,500 per annum depending on experience, and the Fellowship is tenable for three years in the Department of Social and Economic Research. Tenure of the Fellowship may be renewed for a further period of up to three years. The successful applicant will be expected to pursue research into some selected economic aspect of housing, particularly in Scotland, under the general direction of the Head of the Department.

Applications (3 copies) should be made before 29 April 1961 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

STUDENTSHIPS & FELLOWSHIPS—contd

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

STUDENTSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Studentships and Junior and Senior Fellowships, open to graduates of any University and tenable in the Faculties of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Arts, Science and Music of the University of Edinburgh, will be available for award in session 1961-62. Up to six awards may be made.

The value of a Post-Graduate Studentship is £300; if renewed for a second and third year £320 and £340 respectively. The value of a Junior Fellowship is £500; if renewed for a second and third year £550 and £600 respectively. The value of a Senior Fellowship is £750; if renewed for a second and third year £800 and £850 respectively.

Applications must be submitted through the Dean of the appropriate Faculty before 15 April 1961.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, 8.

CHARLES H. STEWART,
Secretary to the University.

SCHOLARSHIPS

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